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Events of the Week.

At the time of writing, the atmosphere of the Supreme Council has lifted a little. Mr. George led off with some vigorous plain speaking on the Silesian question. In arguing the British case that the industrial triangle should go to Germany, he has grounds which are strong ethnologically, historically, economically, equitably, and legally. He made, as was to be expected, the best of so good a case; unfortunately, when Mr. George is verbally most firm in a good cause, one is forced by experience to tremble for the *dénouement*. In the conflicts of British and French policy we have too often seen Mr. George begin a Supreme Council with strong words, only in the end to accept a compromise which in effect dragged us at the tail of French policy. A compromise on the Upper Silesian question is probably now inevitable, unless there is to be a formal breach between France and this country, and even then the future of Upper Silesia would remain to be settled. A compromise in this case means some sort of a partition of the industrial triangle, and that is the form of solution foreshadowed in Mr. George's speech. The question remitted to the committee of experts—what communes for economic and topographic reasons cannot be separated from the great urban communes?—indicates the kind of compromise which Mr. George has in mind, a partition which would give some of the rural communes to Poland and leave the urban communes to Germany. Such a partition, if made with the amount of thoroughness which alone would be likely to satisfy the French, would produce an almost impossible patchwork of German and Polish enclaves.

MEANWHILE, the question of the Russian famine had been placed on the agenda on the initiative of Belgium, and probably of France. Mr. George has spoken very well on it, pressing the obvious but very necessary point of co-operation in relief work with the Soviet Government. But the comments of the French Press have been ominous, and their unanimity is even more ominous than their tone. When one finds "Le Temps" and "Le Journal des Débats" using the same arguments in almost the same words, one can be pretty certain that there is already an official French policy with regard to the terms on which relief is to be given to Russia. The terms are clearly stated by "Le

Temps"; the first condition to be fulfilled, it writes, is that "the Allied and Associated Governments must find in Russia a Government which really represents the people, which is its mandatory and not its gaoler." And the "Journal des Débats" argues that it would be fatal to give relief, if, by giving it, one did anything to prevent the fall of the Bolshevik Government, for by preventing that fall one would only be aggravating the misery of the Russian people. The inference is clear: first, that it is the duty of civilized Europe to allow millions of persons to starve on the steppes of Russia on the mere chance that by so doing we may bring down Lenin and Trotsky, and, second, that what France failed to achieve by means of Generals Denikin and Yudenitch, she is to attempt to achieve by general starvation. Meanwhile, "L'Humanité" accuses the Government of pouring munitions into Poland and Roumania for the purpose of arming the counter-revolution.

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M. GOUNARIS, the Greek Premier, has announced that Greece will refuse all peace overtures or mediation until the annihilation of the Kemalists forces has been completed. There seems to be no doubt that the Turks have been very badly hit, and that the Greek Army is now trying to accomplish their annihilation. But it is hardly likely that the Kemalists will wait to be annihilated; they will more probably evaporate into guerilla bands, and Greece will be faced with the unpleasant task, which has tried severely the stamina and resources of much stronger Powers, of keeping an army indefinitely mobilized against a continually elusive guerilla force. Matters have, in fact, been allowed to drift into such a condition in the Near East that an overwhelming Greek victory does not show a definite way out of the difficulties either for the Greeks or for the rest of the world. At the moment the Greeks stand in what Mr. George called the ancestral home of the Ottoman Turks. But is it conceivable that Greece can contemplate, or that the Powers would tolerate, subjecting Asia Minor to a permanent Greek occupation? The task of revising the stillborn Treaty of Sèvres and of imposing a real and a fair peace—it will in the last resort have to be imposed—upon the Near East is long overdue, and, if the world is to settle down, the Allied Powers will have to face that task immediately and in a different spirit from that of their former efforts.

* * *

THE present position in the Near East is largely due to British policy. Given a certain amount of goodwill, open-mindedness, and impartiality in our Government, we might a few months ago have had a good chance of establishing a workable settlement there. In face of the re-crowned Constantine we had plenty to bargain with, and there were very strong points in our position with regard to Mustapha Kemal. It will be more difficult to get a fair peace to-day, now that Constantine is on the crest of victory. We believe that our policy has been sound in so far as it has been based on the principle that the Greek nation must and should play an important part in the Near East. Where we have been wrong is in following the old diplomatic traditions of 1878 in foreign policy, of "backing" nations—to-day it is Greece, whereas yesterday it was Turkey—as if they were horses. There is no doubt that we have been backing Greece recklessly and encouraging

her, not only in her "just aspirations," but in her imperialism. There is no reason why, because we are friendly to Greece, we should back her blindly in Albania and against Bulgaria.

SIR ERIC GEDDES's sufficiently comic appointment as the head executioner of public wastrels has been turned into roaring farce by the discovery that of this numerous and flourishing class he, among all his colleagues, is the chief. This is the clear conclusion drawn by the Parliamentary Committee on Estimates from Mr. Scott, a Treasury official, whose own little department "controls" the expenditure of others through a well-remunerated staff of fifty souls. But Sir Eric Geddes's Transport Ministry tops the lot. Out of a total expenditure of £453,000, the salaries of this department swallow up more than three-fourths—namely, £353,000. As far as one can make out, this includes thirty-three officials with salaries of over £1,000 a year, running up to the high levels of £2,500 and £3,000. Generally the later characteristics of this service and of other departments of the Civil Service under the Coalition are: (1) high salaries for the heads, generously raised so as to cover the rise in the cost of living; (2) long holidays, such as eight weeks for seven-hour-a-day workers; (3) an enormous multiplication of offices. While we sympathize with the effort of the State to attract talent to its service, by paying market rates for it, there is ample evidence of the growth of a swollen, highly paid, and not too heavily worked bureaucracy. Mr. George's Government, indeed, is a form of unthriftiness, unremunerative, undemocratic State Socialism; and its existence must act as a heavy handicap on the formation of an efficient State service. As for Sir Eric, his Super-Axe Committee, as it is called, is itself under sentence. The Government have not dared to proceed with it in face of the storm in the Commons, encouraged at last to assert their prime function of financial control.

WE very strongly sympathize with Lord Robert Cecil's complaint of the appointment of Sir Rennell Rodd as the third British representative on the Assembly of the League of Nations. Lord Robert said that this was one example of the Government's profound contempt for the League, and the Speaker ruled the remark to be "improper." It strikes us as equally proper and truthful. The Assembly of the League was designed to add a representative element to that body, as a make-weight to the undiluted officialism of the Council. This, so far as Britain is concerned, is now utterly destroyed. Two Ministers sit for this country on the Council (one, Mr. Balfour, a thorough reactionary), and now Mr. Barnes goes to make room for a gentleman of the conventional, if liberal, diplomatic type. That is a foul blow at the League, and a fresh assertion of the character of post-war Government. In 1914 Europe lived under national bureaucracies tempered by public opinion. In 1921 our master is an international bureaucracy, at war with opinion in every one of its national centres.

In these days crises are so frequent and so acute that each is forgotten in the turmoil of its successor. The thunder in Upper Silesia has drowned the last rumblings of the Reparations crisis, but the problem of how Germany is to pay still remains unsolved. The recent speech of Dr. Rathenau, Minister of Reconstruction, shows, however, that certain steps have been taken which really bring it nearer a solution. Dr. Rathenau threw considerable light upon the scheme for payment of reparations in kind which has gradually taken shape through his conversations with M. Loucheur and sub-

sequent negotiations between Paris and Berlin. The proposal is to form a kind of joint Reparations Institution in which the man to whom reparation is due will present his claim and building plan to the French section, and, after getting it approved, pass to the German section and give his order for materials. The Ministry of Reconstruction will then fulfil the order through specially created Supply Associations. The materials, when delivered to the Frenchman, will be credited against what the German Government owes for reparations at prices previously fixed according to a scale agreed upon by the two Governments.

THERE was an important debate last week on the position of women in the Civil Service. Major Hills moved three resolutions, which were strongly supported by Mr. Asquith, demanding equality between men and women. He urged that so long as women were chosen by selection boards and men by open competitive examination, women were unfairly treated; so long as the pay of men and women differed there would be undercutting, sex animosity, and an unfair distinction in status. One of the resolutions recommended the appointment of women establishment officers in every Department. The resolutions received a great deal of support, and ultimately Sir Robert Horne offered a compromise, which Major Hills, on the advice of Lord Robert Cecil, accepted. By this compromise it was agreed that "after a provisional period of three years women shall be admitted to the Civil Service of His Majesty within the United Kingdom under the same regulations, present or future, as provide for or prescribe the mode of admission for men." The question of equal pay is held over.

It is quite clear, we think, that the fight for equality is won, though women have to wait three years. In three years' time the Class I. examination, which opens the door to the highest administrative posts, will cease to be confined to men, and some of the women who take Firsts in Greats or the Cambridge Tripos will appear in the list of successful candidates. Mr. Asquith argued with force that there is no reason for supposing that women who are suitable candidates in the Oxford School, are not equally suitable candidates in the Class I. competition. The question of equal pay is more difficult in the sense that there is stronger opposition to the principle, but we do not think its demand can be resisted. We note that Lord Robert Cecil, after paying a just compliment to the impartiality of the Civil Service Commission, extracted a promise from Sir Robert Horne that he would consider the question of appointing a Woman Civil Service Commissioner.

This is clearly essential. At present candidates are allotted from the Class I. list as vacancies occur. In future, Civil Service Commissioners, according to these resolutions, will allocate women candidates "with due regard to the requirements of the situation to be filled." This is a delicate and responsible work, and obviously the Commissioners who undertake it must include a woman among their body. We have to recognize the fact that there will be some prejudice against the employment of women in some Departments, and it will be felt to be unfair that a successful woman should be passed over without the consideration of her case by a Woman Commissioner. There may also be cases in which the claims of a woman rejected on probation will have to be reviewed. One speaker complained that the supporters of the resolution seemed to think more of the rights of women than of the

needs of the State. But surely the experience of business houses and Government Departments during the war shows conclusively that women do admirable work in the most important and responsible positions.

* * *

THE influence of personalities, more or less behind the scenes, upon the course of high policy, cannot altogether be ignored, particularly in France, where the labyrinth of politics, bureaucracy, and finance is peculiarly complicated. There has been considerable speculation as to the part played in the recent Upper Silesian crisis by M. Philippe Berthelot, who holds in the French Foreign Office the post answering to our Permanent Under-Secretary of State. The sudden acerbity of the French Note which made the crisis acute is said to have been due to M. Berthelot, and it is not impossible that he was trying to win back on the British swings what he had lost on the Chinese roundabouts. For M. Berthelot's position was badly shaken, particularly with the Right and Right Centre, by the disclosures with regard to the failure of the Banque Industrielle de Chine, and it is precisely in those circles that an attack on Great Britain is in these days best appreciated.

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THE story of M. Philippe Berthelot and the Banque Industrielle de Chine caused a tumult in the French Chamber and a considerable sensation outside it. While M. Philippe Berthelot is head of the French Foreign Office, his brother is head of the Banque Industrielle de Chine. At the end of 1920 and the beginning of 1921, rumors began to spread that this bank was in serious financial difficulties. On January 13th, a telegram was sent from the French Foreign Office, signed by M. Philippe Berthelot, to the French Ambassador in London, directing him to inform the Governor of the Bank of England and Mr. McKenna that a "syndicate has been formed of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas and the Banque de l'Indo-Chine to take in hand the affairs of the Banque Industrielle de Chine, and that the Government is not uninterested in the fate of this bank, whose prospects are assured because of its solid position in the Far East." The solid situation of this bank, of which one brother was head and for which the other brother was giving in the name of the Foreign Office the guarantee of the French Government, was, in fact, imminent failure, and a few months later it closed its doors. Nothing, of course, would ever have been known of M. Berthelot's telegram, had not a French paper published it over the name of M. Leygues. M. Leygues denied that he had ever sent it, and M. Briand rose in the Chamber, at M. Leygues' request, and stated that M. Leygues had never signed the telegram. "Who did sign it?" shouted a number of deputies. When M. Briand replied "The Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs," there were what the French call "*mouvements divers*," and above the din was heard the melancholy voice of the Socialist, M. Barthex: "*Le voilà la collusion entre la diplomatie et la haute finance.*"

* * *

AN Irish correspondent writes: "When the news of Commandant McKeown's detention spread about Dublin last Sunday the conviction was general that Dáil Éireann could not meet or could meet only to adjourn for the release of McKeown or the denunciation of the truce. The truce had so far been honorably observed and safeguarded. Its foundation was the recognition of the Republican Army as a disciplined force; to revive the theory of a murder gang and officially to sustain it against one whom Mr. de Valera styled an ideal citizen was to poison the spirit of the truce and to invite the collapse of peace negotiations. Mr. de Valera merely

interpreted the general will when he refused to accept responsibility for proceeding further with them if Commander McKeown was detained. Fortunately, he was released, and in this significant instance the latest maleficent intervention in Irish affairs was frustrated. If, indeed, as Mr. de Valera politely suggests, McKeown's detention was the result of a subordinate's ill-considered devotion to a technicality, there is no more to be said than to commend the Government for overruling pedantry. If it was deliberate it should serve as warning of perils to come. In its happy issue it has greatly strengthened the peace-makers. For this unique avoidance of tragic accident or maleficent design appears as a guarantee of the Government's good faith."

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OUR correspondent continues: "If and when a deadlock appears to develop in consequence of an intransigent attitude of the Six County majority, the situation can always be relieved by the application of a county *plébiscite*. The coercion of 'Ulster' is said to be unthinkable. The phrase has no meaning unless it permits of county option to determine what political 'Ulster' is. In this connection perhaps the most significant news of the week is a resolution passed by a twelve to seven majority of the Tyrone County Council refusing to recognize the Northern Parliament and pledging themselves to nullify partition. Tyrone is the county of largest area in Ulster, and is a key county both geographically and politically. It will be remembered that the Buckingham Palace Conference broke down in attempting to decide its fate."

* * *

THERE is a passage in the official report of the Conference of Prime Ministers to which we would gladly find a key. We all know the objection which America made and maintained to the preliminary Conference. It has been stated and supposed here that the idea of this preliminary meeting was raised by Mr. Lloyd George, and that his visit to the States for the full Conference in the autumn depended on it. But the official report suggests that the proposal came from the American Government—i.e., we suppose that Mr. Harvey suggested it to Mr. George, and not Mr. George to Mr. Harvey. This is a great conundrum. How did it come about that the "suggestion" of a preliminary meeting was "believed to have been made by the American Government," when, in fact, it was almost violently opposed by them? We pause for a reply.

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THE House of Commons Select Committee to inquire into the desirability of a Bill forbidding animal performances on the stage, adjourned its sittings until the autumn on Thursday. Until the Committee delivers its report, it is as well to postpone discussion on the actual evidence submitted. Certain considerations, however, emerge very clearly. On the one hand a trade interest, concerned in the exploitation of animals for gain and fighting for its life, is not over-scrupulous. On the other hand, the witnesses for the prosecution give their evidence frequently in circumstances of serious personal disadvantage. The one side has every inducement to conceal the truth; the other none except that of humanity to testify to it. Again, it is not natural for animals to parody the actions of man upon the stage; to do so they must violate their nature and instincts. Pressure must therefore be brought upon them for the performance, and punishment dealt out to them for failure in it. Cruelty, that is to say, is inevitably associated with a trade concerned in making animals do things they do not want to do, and it is a perversion of their natures to do.

Politics and Affairs.

LOVERS' QUARRELS?

THE "Times" tells us that the Supreme Council, which has met this week in Paris, is not really sitting to decide the Silesian question or the sanctions problem, but in order to re-establish or revivify the Entente. M. Poincaré agrees with the "Times," and the "Daily News" with M. Poincaré, and "Le Matin" with the "Daily News." Admirable and strange unanimity! Anyone who has followed closely the Satyric drama of Anglo-French relations during the last seven months, and its chorus in the French and British Press, will be aware that this is its first approach to unanimity, and will be inclined to hold that the Entente Cordiale has been fined down to an agreement that we ought to, but do not, agree. But the relations of this country to France, and the fantasia of post-war foreign policy, are, unfortunately, not quite so simple or so real as that. We have lost count of the number of times that the Supreme Council has met this year to re-establish and revivify the Entente; how many times Mr. George has found himself "in perfect accord" with M. Briand or M. Leygues; how many times, when Mr. George returned from Paris or M. Briand from London, the newspapers of the two cities assured us that the unanimity and cordiality, which are the cement of all ententes, were as firm as ever. And then—

Well, and then there would come the question of occupying the Ruhr, or reparations, or Upper Silesia, or the Emir Feisul; and when, between those brief Anglo-French honeymoons of the Supreme Council, we read the views of the "Temps," "Matin," "Petit Parisien," upon us and upon our policy, we were forced to the conclusion that in the love of nations, as of women, there must be the thinnest of partitions between love and hate. The tone and accent of the various newspapers differs in Paris as it does elsewhere, but to have read the French Press during the last seven months is to be left with an impression of exasperated, persistent, and often virulent hostility to this country. The tone and accent of this attack, as we said, varies in the various papers, from the "yapping" impertinences at one end of the scale to the suave and dignified acerbity of "Le Temps," but probably very few people in this country realize the volume and virulence of these attacks. Read, for instance, the way in which "Le Matin" dealt with our Prime Minister's speech on the Korfanty insurrection. Our answer to the British Prime Minister, says this French paper, is that we shall march into the Ruhr; "we have justice, common sense, and force upon our side; it is upon us that the responsibility for maintaining order in Europe rests; we shall see that it is respected, with or without Mr. Lloyd George." Or listen, at the other end of the scale, to the semi-official solemnity of the "Temps": "When," it asks, "shall we have a French policy to oppose to that of the British Prime Minister? He is a master of the art of division; he sets all the peoples of Europe the one against the other." Then there is the almost daily stream of articles from the pen of M. Poincaré, the man under whose Presidency the two nations "fought side by side in the war." It is inconceivable that Mr. Asquith or Lord Grey, for instance, should write of France and French policy with the bitter sub-acidity which flavors M. Poincaré's criticism of us and of our policy in Europe, at Constantinople, in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, or even Egypt.

Lastly, if you wish to see how deep are the

roots of this anti-British feeling in French newspapers, take a very recent example, which shows that no story is too fantastic for their columns, provided it exhibits some sinister twist in British policy. At the very moment when the Supreme Council is meeting in Paris to re-establish and revivify the Entente and its cordiality, "Le Matin" comes out with blazing headlines of "A Revelation Which Explains Many Things." The French reader is then told of an Anglo-German plot in which are concerned the British Government and British capitalists on one side and the German Government and the Stinnes group on the other. The object of the plan is an Anglo-German exploitation of Russia: Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Tchitcherin, the irreconcilable Bolsheviks, are to be banished from Russia, but allowed to live in South America, or a British Colony (how Mr. Hughes would welcome them!); a puppet Government, consisting of the moderate Bolsheviks and Lenin, but with Krassin at its head, is to be established in Moscow, apparently under the protection of British and German bayonets, and Russia will then be divided into spheres of economic exploitation between Britain and Germany, while Siberia is to go to Japan: the treaties are already prepared for signature, and the many-rumored visit of Lenin to London will have as its object their signature.

It is quite possible to exaggerate the influence and significance of the journalism which the Frenchman consumes with his *petit déjeuner* and the Briton with his breakfast. But there are symptoms in this bad temper of the French Press which make it impossible to accept the explanation, usually advanced here in public, that the quarrels of France and Britain are lovers' quarrels. All lovers quarrel, but there must be some appreciable intervals of radiance between the quarrels, if there is to be any love at all. But in the monotonous succession of Anglo-French disagreements since last January, there have been no radiant or even cordial intervals. The course of events has been every time the same: disagreement between the French and British Governments, violent indignation in Paris and a subdued silence in London, a Supreme Council, a compromise which settles nothing, "perfect accord," a sullen discontent in the French Press and a leader in every British newspaper expressing sober satisfaction that the Entente is as strong as ever, disagreement again, followed by indignation, a Supreme Council, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The truth is that there are no lovers' quarrels between Britain and France, because there is no love; our relations during the past six months have been far more like the mutual incompatibility of an unhappily married couple. The reason is that the policy of the French Government in Europe is fundamentally opposed to that which public opinion in this country has impressed upon Mr. George and which he follows. Every Anglo-French crisis shows this clearly. It is not true, for instance, that the present Supreme Council is meeting, not to settle the Silesian question, but to revivify the Entente. It is meeting to settle the Silesian question; and the disagreement between the two Governments on that question is acute, because it springs from their fundamental incompatibility of European policy. France is determined to give industrial Silesia to Poland, because it is her policy once and for all to destroy Germany militarily and economically, and to establish her own military-economic hegemony. The Briton is instinctively and firmly opposed to such a policy. He can see no sense in converting German Upper Silesia into a new Alsace, or in substituting Marshal Foch and Marshal Pilsudski for the Kaiser and Francis Joseph.

He wants peace and trade restored in Europe, and a French hegemony over a multitude of mobilized and bankrupt European States is neither to his liking nor to his interest. Peace and a revival of trade are not possible in Europe so long as French armies march into the Ruhr one morning and into Upper Silesia the next, while French statesmen and journalists shout "*Delenda est Germania.*"

So while British policy includes the economic restoration of Germany, French policy aims at her destruction—much as, at Vienna, British statesmanship intended the political restoration of post-Napoleonic France, and Russia and Austria designed her ruin. That is at the root of the hostility of the French Press towards this country, and the note of persistent and bitter exasperation in that hostility comes from the fact that we are balking France of her prey. There are, of course, other reasons which add to the exasperation: our policy, for instance, in the Near East, with regard to which France has a real grievance, and the personality of our Prime Minister, whose uncertain opportunism does not help to make the difficult path of Anglo-French negotiations easier. But these are not vital elements in the European situation and in our relations with France. The Entente has broken down, and it has broken down not over the character of Mr. George or the Treaty of Sévres, but over the Treaty of Versailles and the treatment of a defeated Germany. It is imperative that French statesmen and the French Press and people should realize this clearly. The days have long since passed when the idea of a Punic peace could find any support in this country. But the French refuse to face that fact, and "*Le Matin*" this week deludes itself with the belief that public opinion in England would not support a British Government which "pursued an official policy opposed to France." It is, of course, public opinion which is compelling the Government to take precisely that course. No Government could to-day induce the people of this country to impose by force the French policy upon Germany. But the French Press is too much occupied with its grievances and its exasperations against us to face this fact. Yet it must be faced. For when the formal break comes, if not over Upper Silesia, then over the Ruhr, is France really prepared to go on with her Punic peace—alone?

THE ATROCITY CAMPAIGN OF THE "MORNING POST."

If one had any doubt of the volume and the intensity of the desire for peace with Ireland, the feebleness of the reaction to the atrocity agitation conducted by the "*Morning Post*" would be conclusive. The murder of Mrs. Lindsay and her butler was a horrible crime. When the history of the Sinn Fein struggle is written, that deed will leave an ugly and irreparable memory. Irish history during the last two years has been full of acts of noble and patient heroism, most of them known only to those who have made a close study of that history; acts that have impressed many of the soldiers serving there. The record of men who have served their country as the Mayor of Limerick and thousands of more obscure men and women have served it in this crisis, at the sacrifice or the risk of their lives, is a sufficient rebuke to those Sinn Feiners who have held that it is only by terrorism that terrorism can be combated. But that struggle has, too, its dark and savage side, and these and other acts of cruelty throw their monstrous shadow

over its annals. If Englishmen refuse to respond to the stimulus of sandwichmen and headlines, the explanation is not that they think lightly of this murder. It is that they do not want, as the "*Morning Post*" wants, to revert to a state of things in which murder in every shape is as inevitable as it was under a Roman terror. They want peace, and they have no intention of letting a small group of politicians, who apply to Ireland the inexorable Prussian reasoning that they apply to every part of the Empire and the world, disturb by such tactics the prospect of an honorable settlement. If Englishmen were to say that they could not negotiate with Ireland because of the murder of Mrs. Lindsay, and Irishmen were to say that they could not negotiate with England because of the Balbriggan murders, or the Limerick murders, or the murder of Mrs. Ryan, the struggle would be prolonged for years. For whose satisfaction? In whose honor? Are more men and women to be killed to show our respect for or sympathy with the men and women who have died already? Both nations would suffer; and in both countries methods, spirit, outlook, and standards would all grow steadily more savage.

Take a simple illustration. Two years ago, before we were all hardened to this horror, scarcely anybody would have approved of a proposal to put men and boys to death for possessing arms or taking part in an ambush. When that proposal was made last winter the Bishop of Cork, who had excommunicated every Irishman taking part in an ambush, wrote to General Strickland to implore him not to countenance it. He pointed out that this savage policy would create intense bitterness, and that in the atmosphere that would be produced by executions for such a reason, the struggle in Ireland would become implacable. Unhappily the authorities, instead of listening to the moderate men living in Ireland, listened to the violent ones, who write about Ireland but do not live there. With what result? Nobody pretends that this punishment deterred men from carrying arms or preparing ambushes. On the contrary, the I.R.A. was admittedly more powerful than ever six months after this policy came into operation. On the other hand, it put every neutral into a position hateful and perilous, for to give information of an ambush meant consigning to the gallows a number of men and boys who were regarded throughout Europe as engaged in war. Mrs. Lindsay, we suspect, had no desire to send half a dozen Irishmen to the scaffold. In a country where that is the consequence of giving information, and the consequence of withholding it is that your house is burnt to the ground by the police, the situation of the neutral is intolerable. To complete his misfortunes, the Government that orders him to hand over his countrymen to be hung or have his house burnt, cannot protect him from the vengeance or the fear of the friends of the men who are executed. This is the plight to which the simple Prussian teaching of the "*Morning Post*" reduces the plain citizen who has taken no part in the struggle. It is easy to understand why the spirit of Robespierre and St. Just is so much less attractive to the Unionists of South Ireland than it is to this little group of fastidious politicians in England. They have no desire to see their homes ruined, their country destroyed, and life generally made insupportable, for the satisfaction of showing that England has nothing to learn from Prussia. It is not in their plans to become "*Morning Post*" martyrs, worth so many seats to an English political faction.

Most Englishmen, then, only want to forget this unhappy episode in our history. We have passed through a dark chapter. We have learnt what lawless

government means: how all the characteristic incidents of a terrorist system repeat themselves in this atmosphere. Crime leads to crime. Crime answers crime. Crime calls for crime. *Scelera sceleribus tuenda sunt*. Ministers have now recognized that this policy is desperate, and they have the support of nine Englishmen out of ten in accepting frankly and bravely all that is involved in reversing it. The release of Mr. McKeown is a good illustration. Kitchener complained bitterly in 1901 that we were prolonging the South African War for the sake of putting a few Dutchmen in prison. Could anybody justify the rejection of a peace that is essential to our interests, the interests of Ireland, and interests still wider, for the sake of keeping in prison a man whose chivalrous conduct has been attested by his opponents, who killed a man in open fight, for whose life the friends of the dead policeman pleaded? The "Morning Post" calls this cowardly. But then it calls the whole policy of negotiating cowardly. We are reminded of the old saying of Plutarch's that a man who lies is brave towards God, but a coward towards men. Is not this perversion at the root of the "Morning Post's" criticism? The "Morning Post" does not think it cowardly to use force and violence of any kind against a small people: it thinks it cowardly to prefer peace to war, and English methods to Prussian. The Government need not fear that it will lose the support of sober and responsible opinion in England because it has the courage to pursue peace in the spirit of peace and by the means that lead to peace, without asking at every turn, as Ministers asked unfortunately in 1901, "How would this affect my prestige?"

We do not think that there is any danger that this appeal to hatred and prejudice will upset the negotiations. Nor do we think it likely that the Sinn Fein leaders will prove themselves, as it has been said, impracticable geometricians. They have shown so much power and grasp that we think they may be trusted to distinguish between objects for which it is right and objects for which it is wrong to call on a nation for great and terrible sacrifices. The chief danger is to be found, we believe, in the temper of the Ulster Unionists. So long as they ask for ample protection for their liberties, no Englishman will quarrel with them; but it is time, we think, if the reports that reach us are true, that they were told frankly that we cannot allow the false claims of pride to stand between us and a settlement of the Irish question. It would be ridiculous, when opening a new chapter in our relations with Ireland, to give to half-a-million of people a *liberum veto* on the scope, form, and manner of her development. We think that there is little doubt of the answer that England would return if ever it became necessary to take the opinion of the electors on such an issue.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE ominous cloud which grew over the hopes of Irish peace has lifted again; and they remain steady and luminous, if not roseate. But we must remember that the Irish people are now approaching a period of great trial. I believe that their leaders are in the true line of statesmanship. A friend said that he was afraid lest in one or two crucial cases it should prove to be "two-dimensional statesmanship." I am much more disposed

to attribute that recurring defect of the human mind to the Ulstermen. They, it is said, are for sticking to the Partition Act, with very slight enlargement. But the Sinn Fein Ireland of the last month or so has given ample evidence of breadth and fineness of view, and also of the realism which, be it borne in mind, was one of the gifts that Sinn Fein reintroduced to Irish politics. And there has been one amelioration, which may be called sentimental but has a value of its own. The Irish spirit was singularly responsive to the King's visit and speech, and to the belief, which the exaggerations of last week have not destroyed, that he is a substantial and extremely sympathetic factor in the new relationship of the two countries. The form of the settlement will be difficult; I should have thought that the Crown might adapt itself to a new and interesting exigency. It is advisable, let us say, for Ireland to attain unity and independence without absolute separation. More, perhaps, it would not be wise to say; but is it not clear that either through the King or through one of his sons these ends might be reconciled?

THE news from Paris is anxious; but if our representatives will only act as firmly as they speak, it is such as the country expects. It is far better for the Prime Minister to let France have it plump and flat that we will not follow her one step farther in her policy of dragging Germany down to the dust and building a Frenchified Europe on her ruin. A hundred years ago (in very similar circumstances) we refused to follow Prussia and Austria in the destruction of France. Mr. George is not exactly an historic statesman; but consciously or unconsciously he follows an historic lead. That is to say, he is doing in Paris what Castlereagh did in Vienna. England then insisted that France should be restored to European society and awarded a respectable place there, as the Prime Minister now insists that Germany shall be given a chance of recovery. Castlereagh's task was easier than Mr. George's, just as the Peace of Vienna was a more rational and moderate settlement than that of Versailles, but essentially it is the same. France means to stop a healthy and natural process of recuperation after war, and to turn the peace into a means of continuing the struggle until it has reached the end she contemplates and we utterly reject. Very well, then, we part company. The Entente is at an end, and we revert to a watching brief for the peace of which political France will be the disturber. One hopes that it will not come to a formal breach, and that France will draw back in time from the catastrophe she is preparing for herself and for the world. But our duty is perfectly clear.

MEANWHILE, the public can have no idea of the attitude of the Parisian Press toward this country in general, and Mr. Lloyd George in particular. If there are degrees in vituperation, they can hardly be discovered in what the Parisian journalist said about his enemies at the height of the war, and what he now says about the Ally who saved his fatherland and his city from them. Take this, for example, from "Le Rappel":—

"D'un nouveau trait de burin, précis, lumineux, Eugène Lautier achève de graver dans 'l'Homme Libre' l'inquiétante silhouette de M. Lloyd George.

"Le vilain bonhomme! qu'on trouve sans cesse occupé à frustrer basement la France—amie de l'Angleterre—de ses réparations sacrées et à saper sournoisement les bases encore fragiles de la paix.

"Toutes les difficultés qui divisent les chancelleries sont soulevées par M. Lloyd George; tous les traquenards

à quoi se heurtent l'Entente sont disposés par M. Lloyd George; toutes les résistances où l'Allemagne entretient sa hargne et prépare sa revanche sont suscitées par M. Lloyd George; tous les périls de guerre qui demeurent suspendus sur les peuples épuisés sont entretenus par M. Lloyd George. Ce sorcier gallois est le plus dangereux vibrion qui puisse décomposer la paix du monde. L'esprit du malin l'anime; et la malfaisance allume en ses petits yeux fourbes et clignotants des lueurs de joie sadique."

It seems a little early for the light of victory to fade (or flame) into these "lueurs de joie sadique."

I AM sorry (writes an Irishman to me) I cannot send you news of the negotiations. Never were deliberations better kept secret here. It is like John Donne's "Ecstasy." As the late Dean of St. Paul's said:—

"And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day."

I AM delighted to be told by Sir Gordon Hewart that "the strength of the Coalition consists, of course, in its hold upon principle." How true that is! But how much truer it would be if Sir Gordon would extend his definition in the "Sunday Times" by a single letter, and rest the case for the Coalition, not on their "principle," but their "principles." For then he would have not only the Liberal principle to draw upon, but the Tory principle; not the principle of coercion alone, but that of free government; not the Protectionist principle, but the Free Trade one; not one beggarly principle, in a word, but a sack of them, each put off and on at the suitable moment, and at the bidding of the commanding interest and the sound of expediency's bell; each held and abandoned; bought and sold; knocked down to the highest bidder, or kept in reserve for the next auction of souls. I know Sir Gordon Hewart to be himself an epicure of principles, and I specially commend him the method of preserving their flavor which, in fact, he has adopted—that of using them all in turn, and changing them as the old traveller by post changed his horses at each stage of his journey—taking good care to keep his own seat in the coach to the end.

I DON'T propose to criticize the evidence taken before the House of Commons Committee on performing animals. But a friend brought me to this office a silent witness, which none could gainsay. This was a dog-collar, taken from a performing dog in America. It was a used and, indeed, a well-worn instrument. On the inner side were four removable brass spikes, sharp enough to pierce the tender flesh at the slightest contact. They were removable, explained my friend, so as to bring a different kind of pressure to bear on the dog according to the sort of dance or motion required from him. Its filthy ingenuity appeared to have no other possible explanation. Or, if there be, I shall be curious to know what it is.

It is seldom that two artists, each perfect after his manner, are seen on the London stage at the same time; but this happens to be a privilege that any playgoer in this holiday month can enjoy for himself. The artists (need I say?) are Mr. Arthur Sinclair at the Court, and Mr. Charles Hawtreay at the Criterion. There is this difference in their lot, that the Irish player

has material of the first excellence at his disposal, and that the Englishman's plays are for the most part made for him, and therefore are derived and manufactured work, rather than original and spontaneous. Not that the Hawtreay play, "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," is bad writing. On the contrary, it has touches of suggestiveness (such as the almost Mendelian hint of the power of a far-off ancestry) which redeem its mechanical quality. Only one feels that if Mr. Hawtreay had never lived, Ambrose Applejohn would never have lived either, nor Captain Applejack come back from the South Seas, to make a second and still more astonishing Hawtreay. In "The Playboy," on the other hand, the play is obviously the thing—the web on which the genius of the artist weaves a pattern wrought by poetic imagination from the realities of Irish life. And that, I am afraid, is to say that modern dramatic England is England, and Ireland Ireland.

HOWEVER, there is Mr. Hawtreay, and he is a feast in himself. In fact, there is not one Hawtreay, but three. There is a demure, pussy-like (almost Pussyfoot) Hawtreay in Act I.—the Hawtreay with which all the world is familiar. There is quite a new Hawtreay—a swearing, rantipoling one—in Act II. And there is a mixed Hawtreay, composed in unequal parts of Hawtreay I. and Hawtreay II., in Act III., throwing back to the demure Ambrose and then violently forward to the fearsome Applejack. Take it from me, the blend is unrivalled.

I SAW an hour or so of the cricket at the Oval, during the later and always exciting stages of the fine game between Surrey and Kent. It then looked as if Kent had a good chance of a draw, and not at all a bad one of victory. Woolley and Seymour were playing rapidly and with great ease, and were just keeping up the necessary average of about eighty runs an hour. At that critical stage Hitch—who on his benefit days usually contrived to be the hero of the game—split a finger in stopping a tremendous pull by Woolley, and running off the field, his hand dripping with blood, did not immediately return. The weakened Surrey bowling fell off, and grew unequal, and then ragged. Two fairly easy catches were dropped, and when Woolley was at last caught, Hedges played almost as brilliantly as the two professional cracks. Then, in her turn, Kent faltered a little. Hitch returned, and he and Lockton began to be dangerous, and Seymour, halting on the edge of his hundred, grew over-cautious, and finally failed to get it and to give the final flick to the Kent batting. It was an interesting study in the psychology of cricket, always the most variable, and therefore the most human, of games. I saw no Surrey batting, though I heard much praise of its skill and promise. But the Surrey bowling looked tame in the light of my early memories of Richardson, Lockwood, and the wonderful Lohmann. And it seemed to me that the general standard of English cricket had declined.

I NOTE an Irish event of some significance. A stained-glass firm in Dublin, which, under the guidance of Miss Sarah Purser, R.H.A., has carried its art to its highest modern development in these islands, has lately been commissioned to set up the arms of the last three Irish Lords Lieutenant in the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle. It is reported that when Lord Fitzalan's arms are established in their place there will be room for no successors.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

LABOR AND THE COST OF LIVING.

THE Report of the Joint Committee of the Trade Union Congress and the Parliamentary Committee of the Labor Party upon the Cost of Living (Allen & Unwin, 4s. 6d. net) is a document of unusual importance, both on its critical and its constructive side. Its opening section contains a closely argued and highly documented criticism of the Index Number upon which the Ministry of Labor bases its monthly estimate of the working-class cost of living. That index figure is reached by assigning weights, or proportionate values, to the several classes of food, clothing, rent and rates, fuel and light, and other items, as they were found to enter into the average expenditure of some 2,000 working-class families in the year 1904. Now, in estimating the official record of the rise in cost of living since 1914, the original weighting, seventeen years old, is still applied. Because in 1904 it was found that 60 per cent. of the expenditure was on food and 12 per cent. on clothes, these proportions are still taken in calculating the present cost of living.

Now the Joint Committee's contention is that since 1904, and especially since 1914, great changes have taken place in working-class habits and expenditure, which have shifted the relative importance of the items, and therefore the "weights" which should be attributed to them. They base this contention upon an investigation undertaken by them last September into several hundred actual "budgets" of weekly expenditure in various grades of labor and various localities. The amount and nature of the divergence between the two "weightings" are given in the following table:—

	Committee on Cost of Living.	Ministry of Labor.
	Per cent.	Per cent.
Food	52.41	60.0
Clothing	19.51	12.0
Rent and Rates ...	6.84	16.0
Fuel and Light ...	6.34	8.0
Other items	14.90	4.0
	100.0	100.0

Three points of great significance stand out: the increased proportion spent on clothing, the reduction in rent and rates, and the large advance in "other items." Now it is quite evident that even if there were no changes in the character or proportions of working-class consumption, these three changes in proportion of expenditure must have occurred. For prices of clothing have risen much more than food prices, rents have been kept artificially low, whilst most kinds of household goods and working-class "comforts," which figure as "other items," have also risen abnormally. But if, as the Committee maintain, the character of consumption has also changed, throwing greater weight upon classes of consumption which have risen more than food and rent, the retention by the Ministry of Labor of their original weighting must produce an index number that is much too low. "The result of overweighting rent and rates and underweighting clothes and 'other items' is to obtain a cost-of-living 'index number' which is not based on the actual facts of working-class expenditure." The Committee, in order to get a fair comparison of cost of living in 1914 and 1920, have reversed the process used by the Ministry of Labor, building up a weighted budget from the investigations of last September and constructing a pre-war budget based upon it, "the expenditure on the various groups of articles being reduced

in accordance with our findings as to the increases which have taken place since July, 1914." This comparison yields a figure of 189 per cent. above the 1914 cost of living, or 28 points higher than the official number.

If the reasoning and the facts on which it is based are accurate, this result should have considerable effect in stiffening the resistance to demands for wage reductions to correspond with falls in the cost of living as measured by the Ministry of Labor. But, while there is a good deal of force in the attack upon the official figures, we cannot feel full confidence in the Committee's substitute. There are several difficulties. First, there is a doubt about the accuracy of any average based upon a comparatively small number of working-class budgets of expenditure. The keeping of a complete and reliable budget implies a level of care and intelligence that is abnormal in any class, and probably, almost certainly, carries with it an abnormal apportionment of expenditure. Some allowance should be made for this abnormality. But what? So likewise the proportion of such budgets attainable will vary with different grades of working-class families. It is tolerably certain that unskilled and casual labor will be insufficiently represented in this process of averaging. This is borne out by the standard family expenditure taken by the Committee, £5 15s. 9d. for last September. Though wages were then higher and employment fuller than now, we cannot accept this as a likely average for the whole laboring class. Yet it is by working back from this figure to a figure taken from the Sumner Committee estimate for 1914 that the conclusion is reached which gives 189 per cent. as the rise in cost of living.

Then, again, the Labor Committee, in seeking to apply the weighting of 1920 to 1914, do not, indeed cannot, evade the charge they bring against the official figures, of neglecting to take account of changes in the nature of expenditure. This could only be overcome by comparing family budgets of 1914 with those of 1920, a course which the Committee were unable to adopt because the earlier budgets were not available. All they could do to reach a pre-war budget was to take the proportions of the classes of consumables from the 1920 budget and to reduce their prices in accordance with the increases which are admitted to have taken place since 1914. But that doesn't yield a really satisfactory weighting, during a period when, as the Committee hold, substantial changes in the mode of living have taken place.

The trouble arises from the fact that there is no agreed meaning to the term "cost of living." The Ministry of Labor take it to signify the cost of buying and consuming fixed quantities of certain fixed articles. The Sumner Committee took it to signify the purchase of articles which would yield a fixed amount of vital utility, *e.g.*, allowed for cheaper substitutes of equal nutritive value. The Labor Committee take account of changes in mode of living, holding that part of the rise in the cost of living is due to the incorporation of larger proportions of more expensive articles in the standard. Having regard to the other difficulties of taking reliable averages, we are disposed to view with considerable suspicion this whole process of finding index numbers, as reaching after a false exactitude. It would probably be better to take the more reliable records of retail prices for leading articles of general consumption, giving them some such rough weighting as the books of general stores would indicate, for our practical index of price changes and cost of living.

We have spent so much space on this controversial topic that we cannot do justice to the merits of the other sections of this Report. Of Part II. it must suffice to

say that it amasses an exceedingly valuable body of evidence from Governmental and business sources in support of what is, we think, the irrefragable judgment attributing a large part of the rise in cost of living to organized profiteering on the part of groups of manufacturers and traders. Free, effective competition has disappeared from large sections of industry and commerce, and has been replaced by monopolies or powerful combinations, regulating output and controlling prices. War profiteering may be deemed a regrettable incident. But combination and price control are now firmly fixed in large areas of the business world, and the unorganized consumer is helpless. It is this consideration that makes radical reconstruction on bolder lines than were contemplated by practical reformers a few years ago a sheer necessity of our post-war situation.

The constructive proposals set forth in Part III. of this valuable document are inspired, not by any Socialistic theory, but by a desire to discover practicable methods for checking the abuses of non-competitive capitalism and for furnishing the inducements to efficiency of brain and manual production which are at present lacking. That certain fundamental services, such as the railroads, mining, electric supply, and banking, must pass under public ownership and management may be taken as the accepted view of all progressive reconstructionists. The problem here is to devise methods of efficient non-bureaucratic management—i.e., to apply sound principles of representative government. But nationalization can cover only a small though an important section of the industrial field. A large place is found for the Co-operative movement, which is making in this and other countries successful progress both in the spheres of production and distribution. The new experiment of Building Guilds is indicative of a whole policy of liberation from the bonds of profiteering capitalism.

But it is not to be expected that either nationalization or working-class co-operation will in any near future cover the field of industry. A comprehensive public regulation of those branches of industry and commerce which remain in private hands is a task of prime urgency, and, we may add, of gravest difficulty. We especially commend to our readers the section of this Report which deals with the publicity, the standardized cost-taking, and the trade inquiries which are essential, if the State is to furnish any real safeguard against excessive prices and other injuries to the consuming public, and to secure from bodies with capacity to pay the share of private profits to which the public revenue is entitled. The complete removal alike from the atmosphere of revolutionary rhetoric and of dogmatic theorism; the spirit of patient inquiry into facts and figures, with the resulting perception that the march of progress must be along many roads, that different remedies are required for different maladies; the adaptability of policy derived from an understanding of the necessary nature of organic growth—these qualities give a special significance and value to a document which is, we think, indicative of the new spirit of our Labor movement.

THE PASSING OF HORSEBACK HALL.

ONE evening when the writer was living in a dugout among the barren cliffs of Anzac, one of those weekly papers "blew in" which are devoted to English country life. He perused it from end to end with the regretful yearning that a lover might feel in reading his old letters. Especially he yearned over the advertisement pages with their copious pictures of country houses

to let or sell. He spent a happy time trying to determine which of all those houses—those homes of ancient peace—he would choose for his very own to dwell in. Should it be the "desirable cottage" with conservatory, lawn-tennis ground, six bedrooms, water supply, and main drainage among the Surrey sands and pines? Or that "eligible residence" folded among the chalk downs? Or that "Georgian Mansion," with classic portico and spreading wings of grey, dignified, permanent stone, overlooking the broad expanse of grassy park? Or why not that "Tudor Hall," with inner quadrangle and towered gateway, up to which the long lime avenue led from the remote village huddled around a church where, as head of "The Family," he might sleep in the private pen of the squire's pew! Around him the flies were settling down for the night like black veils. Overhead the bullets whined without ceasing. Now and then a big shell burst at no safe and comfortable distance. But from the contemplation of those once familiar scenes of permanence and peace he drew a peculiar comfort—as when the sweating traveller, tramping through a Hungry Country in Central Africa, beguiles exhaustion by selecting the delicious menu and drinks he would enjoy if the day's march unexpectedly ended in some lovely restaurant of the Strand or of Soho.

At such times one may try to recall the beauties of the scenes as Disraeli loved to describe them. What heart does not throb to the ecstasy of Lothair for the first time approaching the glories of his ancestral heritage?—

"Muriel Towers crowned a wooded steep, part of a wild and winding and sylvan valley at the bottom of which rushed a foaming stream. On the other side of the castle the scene, though extensive, was not less striking, and was essentially romantic. A vast park spread in all directions beyond the limit of the eye, and with much variety of character, ornate near the mansion, and choicely timbered; in other parts glens and spreading dells, masses of black pines and savage woods; everywhere, sometimes glittering and sometimes sullen, glimpses of the largest natural lake that inland England boasts, Muriel Mere, and in the extreme distance moors, and the first crest of mountains."

We go on to read of a drive passing through the heart of an ancient forest; of deer scudding over expanding lawns; of a sinuous lake with green islands and golden gondolas; of stately avenues and mighty gates of wondrous workmanship, once the boast of a celebrated convent upon the Danube. And then of courts and quadrangles in the castle, all of bright and fantastic architecture, each containing a garden, glowing with brilliant colors, and gay with the voice of fountains or the forms of gorgeous birds. And then, again, of ball-rooms, and baronial halls, and long libraries with curiously stained windows, and suites of dazzling saloons where Lothair beheld the original portraits of his parents, of which he had miniatures. And in all there was not a refinement of modern furniture wanting, while even the tables were covered with the choicest publications of the day. So the description goes on, not in irony, as the ungodly might suppose, but in a kind of adoring ecstasy. And we must suppose that Disraeli knew what he was writing about.

No wonder that a Radical newspaper raises its wail now that such scenes are vanishing from our land for ever. At the heart of every Englishman, perhaps of every human being, lies a deep stratum of conservatism clinging like clay to established habit and ancestral life, especially when change is coming. On every day of our lives we begin to idealize yesterday, and what has long existed gathers round it the halo of immemorial religion. Consider that scene in Lord Dunsany's fantasy called "If." We are shown a set of hideous idols down whose

gaping mouths the blood of living or lately slaughtered men, women, and children has been poured for so many generations that the throats are rusty and corrupted with coagulated gore. Yet when the dominant Englishman commands they be flung into the river, his obsequious servant ventures to raise a protest against the master's word. Those idols, he says, have lasted so long; have sat there in rows so many, many years; have been fed with the blood of so many beloved victims; have remained there unmoved while suns and moons rose and set above them so many thousand times, that it seems a shame and a sacrilege now to disturb their immemorial calm. They themselves were the country's history. He had expected them so to remain for ever. Yea, when the sun and moon themselves had ceased to rise and set, the gods would remain upon their ancient seats, dwelling unperturbed for all eternity in the cold and darkness of a lifeless world. That servant's heart beat with the unreasoning worship of all humanity for established ritual. As a leader-writer in a Radical newspaper, what pathetic lamentations he would have poured out over the passing of Horseback Hall!

There is no question about it. The Horseback Halls as we knew them are passing away, and we must shed the melancholy tear. Disraeli revelled in them. Carlyle thought they were worth preserving because of the pretty manners they diffused, and who can deny the national value of good manners? Matthew Arnold called them "outposts of barbarism," but half admired their healthy, outdoor ways. All loved them for the beauty of their buildings, their gardens, and their trees; some for their sport; some for their politics; some for their lordly sense of *noblesse oblige*; some for the sounding titles into which an heiress might bring new blood and new money. But all are passing now. We have but to read the columns of the "Times" day by day to learn the lamentable truth. Read that long article headed "The Estate Market." Look at the crowded pictures of ancestral halls upon the back page, and all for sale! Consider the sorrowing plaints of the Dukes of Buccleuch, Bedford, and Portland, how they lament that they can no longer live within their numerous homes and upon their thousands of acres, as once they lived. Twenty-four years ago we remember a Duke of Bedford complaining that he really could not exist unless he happened to possess a lot of boarding-houses in Bloomsbury. The present Duke now publishes accounts showing that, on estates of 16,600 acres in Beds and Bucks alone, he loses £5,190 a year—enough by itself to keep many an honest working-man's family. It is true that £2,672 of this loss is due to the principle of *noblesse oblige*—to "expenditure which, although not obligatory, is inseparable from the fulfilment of a landowner's duties to others," such as pensions, allowances for holidays, stipends to clergy, maintenance of churches, donations to hunt funds, cricket clubs, flower shows, and so on. An upstart profiteer might gain by refusals, but "The Family" would rather die of inherited generosity. What lament of an *émigré* from the ancient nobility of France or Russia could be more pathetic in dignity than the Duke of Portland's speech at Welbeck Abbey during a Horse and Foal Show on the occasion of a son's coming-of-age?—

"I am certain it must be exceedingly painful," he said, "for the representatives of old families to be obliged to part with the major portion of estates which have been in the possession of their ancestors for many generations. . . . At the present time, however, I cannot see any other course open to us, for the burdens upon land are now so excessive that landed proprietors cannot maintain their old family residences in a habitable state, nor can they adequately discharge the duties which they have been so glad to fulfil as owners of land. I am sure that the care of the people who

lived around their homes was, and is, one of their greatest pleasures. . . . It pains me deeply to think that in years to come it will most probably be necessary for my family to find a new and smaller home elsewhere."

Alas! it is painful for many of us to move into a new and smaller house, but Welbeck certainly looks needlessly large for one family. The Duke may also console himself for the mutability of human affairs by reflecting that, after all, it is not so very long since his Dutch ancestors came into possession, and that only a few generations before that the Abbey belonged to God. To that earlier use it may possibly return; for in an advertisement of sale for another Horseback Hall we read: "Suitable for a Home, Institution, Community, or Roman Catholic Monastery." It is certainly a question what we are going to do with all these splendid old houses and their parks. Profiteers and American millionaires may buy a good many, though as a rule such people do not care much about country life, except as seen from a motor. The parks might be converted into co-operative farms, and would probably pay if we took the canals out of the control of the railways and used them as Holland does. Some of the trees and woods might be saved by a Forestry Department; some of the game by an extension of the Zoological Society; some of the good manners by intermarriage with tradesmen and other common people. But the ancient Halls themselves are a difficulty. We do not want scores of Institutions or Monasteries. The inhabitants of Communities do not always dwell together in unity. We would suggest Homes of Rest for Genius, such as "Cynicus" is founding upon the coast of Fife. But so many Horseback Halls are now for sale that we doubt whether one could find enough geniuses to fill them. Stowe by itself would accommodate all that we can think of.

THE BRAIN OF THE BEE.

BEE-KEEPERS have a saying, "Bees do nothing invariably." Instinct is quite unvarying, and if the bees have established this uninstinctive reputation, it seems as though that enormous brain of theirs (a hundred and seventy-fourth part of the whole body's volume) must be sometimes used. A striking case has turned up this week. Bees build their combs vertically, and thus store honey and brood in back-to-back shelves, like those in a library. Wasps, on the contrary, hang their brood by the tail in horizontal one-sided combs, the cells open towards the floor, while many solitary bees, as well as humble-bees, make cups that stand mouth upwards. A bee-keeper had piled some old combs horizontally one upon the other, and a swarm took possession of the pile, storing honey and rearing plentiful brood on both sides, some upside down like wasps, others in cups like humble-bees, all as opposite as possible from the universal honey-bee habit.

The bee is not to be discredited because some people over-estimate its intelligence. A clergyman who writes regularly for one of the bee journals has claimed more than once that his bees come and tell him when anything is wrong that he can put right. There are, no doubt, a plain and a colored version of the same phenomenon. The other day, some bees came buzzing round the writer of these lines. He thought them just angry bees, and took no notice till one of them stung him. In killing her, he discovered which hive she came from, and on going to look, found that the roof had been carelessly put on. Was that what the bees came to tell him? Yes, if you add one link to the chain. The loose roof was an opportunity for robbers, and a hive that is

threatened by robbers sends out its warriors to fight all enemies. Something is wrong, and every living foreign body is liable to suffer, even the kindly Casby of a bee-father.

It is, of course, rather in the relationship of bees among themselves than in their contact with man that we ought to test them for intellect or instinct. It is common knowledge that one bee may not enter the hive of another. It is a good rule that it would always pay to enforce; it would, therefore, be a fit subject for invariable instinct. Yet no rule of reasonable law has more exceptions. So quickly does a guard detect the advent of a stranger, that it is one of the best-held theories of bee-keeping that every hive has its distinctive scent, a strange scent reacting upon a sentry as one chemical reacts upon another. Yet bees very frequently stray from one hive to another, and are accepted without the least question if they are loaded with nectar, or presumably pollen, or water, or any other commodity used in the hive.

"When I've dree zixpences under my thumb,
Oh then I be welcome wherever I come."

It is quite otherwise when a bee approaches empty-handed. Other bees may have gone out to forage and been driven home by a shower before they have gained a speck. "Pass, friend," and in they go. It may be that empty strangers may come too, if they look honest. Surely a bee is valuable to the community more by virtue of the loads she will bring in a lifetime than of the one she is bringing or not bringing now. It is not smell, and perhaps not property, that determines the question of peaceable entry or death, but demeanor. The bee that comes to loot has an evil conscience. She dreads the challenge and tries to evade it. She tries to creep in at the edge of the door, and not through the middle of the doorway. Anyone would know her for a rogue and vagabond. As she hangs hither and thither, seeking for a safe way in, the guard dashes at her, and there is a fierce wrestle on the alighting-board. Usually both fall to the ground. The guard gets up first and returns to the sentry-box, then the other may fly off discomfited. But lots of robbers are slain. Some are held by several guards, and crippled by having a wing cut off. Some are merely led to the door by a leg or wing held firmly in the mandibles, and there sent off, as it were, with a kick. You can scarcely guess what is going to be the fate of the next one.

The behavior of the robbers is equally variable. Some will draw a weak guard with a feint and slip in behind its ineffectual rush. One will alight and pretend to be examining a curiosity in the grain of the wood, as though hoping that when the sentry has turned her back she can run in without notice. Another will even hardily stand when challenged and submit to a search for passports. But her nerve usually fails her half-way through the bluff. It leaves such an opening to the fatal sting.

Not all visitors to strange hives are robbers. At the midday flight, when young bees are playing before the hive, less numerous crowds are deserted and strangers are free to change their nationality. At other times homeless bees come to beg for sanctuary. There may be a little crowd of them far from the door. One of the number goes up, for herself, or in the name of the whole. She goes in whining and beating her wings, for pity, but soon staggers out mortally stung, and the others say among themselves, "No go," and make no attempt to pursue the adventure. Sometimes the footmen of Dives rush out and slay the crowd of beggars. The most pathetic sight that the hive can show is a poor bee shivering with dread, but making no resistance,

while the guard coolly walks round her, seeking for the point at which to stab and kill her.

Most human is the bee at medical inspection. Sick bees must be ruthlessly expelled. The time comes for a general call-over. Every suspect is brought to the door and compelled to fly. Those too sick to fly must tumble out and be lost. One flies about an inch and claims to have passed the test; another rushes back as though from a flight, hoping to dodge in under feint of great business. The most artful of all is a plainly sick bee filling most fussily the rôle of M.O. If one of these asks you to fly, you threaten to have her put through the test herself. She turns pale and says, "All right. Clean bill. Pass in." But there are many honorable bees that, knowing themselves to be a danger to the community, wait for no orders, but run out and commit suicide far from the hive. Human altruism can go no further than this.

Letters to the Editor.

"SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY."

SIR,—Attention should, I think, be drawn to the significance of a sentence in the article entitled "The Drive of the Wets," published in *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* of July 30th. The citizens of New York, said the writer, "are not so simple as to label themselves Wet in public, seeing that for ten years past the big industrial and commercial concerns have refused to promote, and many of them to employ, a man who was known to drink." This is a revelation of the progress that the United States of America have made towards that Servile State controlled by a few plutocrats which Anatole France, in "L'Île des Pingouins," foretold as a likely development of the present capitalist society.

Prohibition in America cannot be treated as an isolated phenomenon. It is one incident in a general campaign against personal liberty. How powerful are the forces behind that campaign the writer of the article shows when he says that "Big Business, the public health authorities, the social workers, the Churches and schools, and the women voters made an irresistible combination." The inclusion of Big Business in the combination explains the enormous funds that the enemies of liberty appear to have at their disposal. Nor should the holy alliance between Big Business and the Churches cause surprise. "The vermin of God," as the New York "Freeman" said on July 13th, "run as naturally to legislatures as ants to a honey-pot." Repression and police regulations are their panaceas, and what could suit Big Business better? Apart from the useful purpose that these measures fulfil of keeping the slaves well under control, they also keep the "social workers" busy. The latter might begin to inquire into the causes, economic and other, of drunkenness, prostitution, and other "social evils," if their time were not taken up in tinkering with the effects.

Repression and police regulations are failing, as usual, as the writer of your article admits, but he does not draw the logical conclusion that it might be well to try some other method. His remedy is more repression and more police regulations—they are to be made international. "It is plain as can be that an international agreement upon the control of liquor is imperative." If he be so "simple" as to imagine that international police regulations will stop short at the "control of liquor," he should come to Geneva and attend some of the international conferences held here under the auspices of the League of Nations. At the recent conference on the alleged "traffic in women and children," the representative of the Canadian Government proposed that no woman of any age should be allowed to embark on any vessel, unless she were accompanied by her husband, father, or mother, or had previously obtained permission from the representative of the country to which she was going to land in that country. The proposal was strongly opposed by Froken Henni Forchhammer among others, and was not adopted, but the fact that any Government should make such a proposal shows what we are up against.

I am not a Liberal in the party sense of the term, but I still believe in what used to be the Liberal principle of personal liberty. If Liberals are no longer going to defend personal liberty, it seems to me that they had better shut up shop. Personal liberty needs defence against the encroachments of a majority even more than against those of an oligarchy or an autocrat. For the latter seem to most people obviously unjust, whereas we are now up against the pestilent doctrine that a majority is infallible, and has the right to impose its opinions and tastes on the minority.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

Geneva. August 5th, 1921.

RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

WE acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt of the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	183	2	0
Mrs. Peggy Guggenheim, \$1,000 (approximately £273) and £29	302	0	0
B. S. F.	50	0	0
Mrs. R. S. Waley	25	0	0
Halley Stewart, Esq.	20	0	0
Mrs. Tait	10	10	0
"S."	5	0	0
A. Busch-Michell, Esq.	4	0	0
B. and M. E.	3	5	0
J. A. Fallows, Esq.	3	3	0
Rev. A. and Mrs. Hamilton	3	0	0
J. R. Battley, Esq.	2	2	0
Miss M. L. Shedlock	2	0	0
H. C. Sotheran, Esq.	1	10	0
D. V. Rege, Esq.	1	1	0
J. E. and A. A. E. (Sheffield)	1	1	0
M. R. M.	1	1	0
Mrs. Mills Witham	1	1	0
L. Laurie, Esq.	1	0	0
Miss K. A. Freeston	1	0	0
M. E. M.	1	0	0
F. J. T.	1	0	0
H. J. M.	1	0	0
G. T.	15	0	0
	£624	11	0

We have to thank our readers for their generous contributions to this Fund, and to request that in future subscriptions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer of the Imperial War Relief Fund, earmarked for "Russian Famine Relief," and sent to the Imperial War Relief Fund, Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, E.C. Cheques should be crossed Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co. Ltd.

The work of the original Relief Committee has now been amalgamated with that of the I.W.R.F., and after the Prime Minister's helpful words in Paris the Appeal becomes a national one, and will, of course, be linked up with the official work of the British Government and the international organization which will, we hope, be set up in a few days in Geneva.—(EDITOR, NATION AND ATHENÆUM.)

Poetry.

THE WRECK.

STORM and unconscionable winds once cast
On grinding shingle, masking gap-toothed rock,
This ancient hulk. Rent hull, and broken mast—
She sprawls sand-mounded, of sea birds the mock.
Her sailors, drowned, forgotten, rot in mould,
Or hang in charmed quiet of the deep;
The brave, the afraid, into one silence sold;
Their end a memory fainter than of sleep.
She held good merchandise. She paced in pride
The markless paths men trace o'er ocean's foam.
Now laps the ripple in her broken side,
And Zephyr in tamarisk softly whispers, Home.
The dreamer scans her in the sea-blue air,
And, sipping of contrast, finds the day more fair.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

If the Premier hoped by the appointment of a "business men's" economy committee to satisfy the universal demand of the City and the commercial community generally for public retrenchment, he will be disappointed. The Committee contains some honored and trusted names—e.g., Sir R. Vassar Smith (if he has accepted the invitation to serve). But apparently the Committee is not to get to work until too late, its chairman has, rightly or wrongly, a reputation for being a leading culprit in the matter of public extravagance, and there seems no reason at present to suppose the Committee will find itself equipped with the power to do anything effective. Its appointment, therefore, is widely regarded in the City as a somewhat discreditable farce. Moreover, the City is old-fashioned enough to think that responsibility for curbing expenditure rests with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the idea of passing on the responsibility (and, if possible, the odium) to an outside committee is not generally relished.

Despair about economy cannot fail to restrict subscriptions to the new Treasury Bonds. If this new borrowing campaign meets with as meagre results in the matter of new subscriptions as it has in the matter of the conversion of securities with impending maturity, it will indeed be a dismal failure. Of well over £400 millions of National War Bonds to which conversion rights were accorded, only about £37 millions have been converted. It was hoped that the £72 millions of Exchequer Bonds maturing on October 5th would be fully covered. But only £52 millions were converted, leaving the Treasury to find £20 millions or so for repayment on October 5th. The Chancellor's attempt to check additions to the floating debt by means of this Loan has not met with the success hoped for; while the £150 millions or so of War Bonds still left to mature next year will continue to give the Treasury food for troubled thought.

THE NITRATE CRISIS.

Holders of shares in Chilean nitrate-producing companies are once again facing a crisis. In 1919, war demand having ceased and peace demand hanging fire, the greatest depression beset the industry. Early in 1920 a boom took place in nitrate shares on the expectation that 1920 would see the world settling down and resuming its normal consumption of agricultural fertilizers. This expectation was only fulfilled in part, but producers' profits improved greatly for the most part in 1920. This year critical conditions have returned with a vengeance. Consumption has dwindled very low; stocks held in Europe are very large; shipments from Chile have ceased; and production has had to be very drastically curtailed, many *ofcinas* being closed down. A pool has been formed of holders of stocks in Europe, and negotiations with Chile are on foot. But shareholders' hopes must depend upon the passing of the general, world-wide economic depression, which is the root cause of the trouble. If trade revives, and some degree of confidence and stability is restored to international trade, then the nitrate industry will quickly benefit. Since 1912 the world's production of nitrogenous products has about doubled, and Chile's share has declined, according to a statement in a report just issued by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, from 57½ per cent. to 30.2 per cent. The same report, however, contains the following optimistic remark: "Estimates of the U.S.A. demand indicate that there will probably be a doubling of the already very large total consumption of that country within the next seven years." Nitrate shareholders are well used to fluctuating fortunes, and once more they must exercise patience. Generally speaking, in spite of the grave difficulties of the position, it would be hardly advisable to sell out at present depressed quotations.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books.

ALONG the unfrequented beach, not much below the sandhills, a thin dark line serpentine over the strand into infinity. The sea breaks some distance below it, and the line of the combers is not more continuous than this thin and apparently inconsequential rope of dry litter laid along the foot of the dunes. The spring tide wove it and left it. It is of shells and seaweed, twigs, sticks, yarn, feathers, carapaces of crabs and sea-urchins, and corks; perhaps, after the seaweed, it has more corks in it than anything else. The multitude of corks on this beach and among the dunes, some well rolled, others so fresh that they have the seal or the impress of a vintage, suggest that man's most marked characteristic is thirst. Our thirst has given us away. The little plugs to bottled delight were flung overboard heedlessly in all the seas, and away went these light witnesses, taking the Gulf Stream, or any other road that offered, to get to shore again to form, literally, strata of fossils to testify to one of our habits.

* * *

So far as this beach shows, it is the only habit we have. We might do nothing more in this life than drink from bottles. Specimens of the bottles are here too. The archaeologists of 5021 will find some of the bottles and many of the corks in association; and will, by experiment, find the corks fit the bottles, and surmise that probably they were used in conjunction. But to what purpose? Nothing then will be in the bottles but dirt. It would be worth while coming back again many thousand years hence to hear a learned man, having a table before him covered with the shards and corks off this beach—one beautiful specimen of glass with the cryptic word *BOLS* cast on it—explain to his hearers what he deduces from the phenomena.

* * *

We can be pretty sure there won't be much left by 5021 of the possessions we cherish most. What will survive of us will be the oddest assortment of rubbish, and the corks will be there predominantly. The British Museum will have vanished, and probably all its books and the record of *ourselves*. But our corks and bottles will persist; to be dug, when discovered,

out of this drift of sand. Benjamin Kidd, in his "A Philosopher with Nature" (Methuen), indeed, has judged that our age will be known as the "Great Bottle Age." Not, you see, as the age of machinery, or war, or newspapers, or revolution, or democratic government, or motor-cars, or aeroplanes, of which by then no vestige will remain, but as the age of glass bottles; or, if the glass has devitrified and perished, as the age of corks, maybe. Time is sure to judge us harshly, when selecting from us what is least perishable.

* * *

We all know that "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without regard to merit of perpetuity," but it does seem rather hard that of all the proud memories of our great days nothing may remain but our corks. Such a survival utterly and basely destroys everything—for example—of the temperance reformers. It would be difficult to deduce that they had ever had a beneficial existence, from a cork. Another ice age develops, its rigors insidiously increase through many generations of men, life reluctantly retreats before the glaciers as they creep slowly southwards; the week-end cottage habit is given up, open-air meetings of emphatic protest are dropped, the politicians' vapors freeze as soon as emitted, the little gold passes for all the lines, owned by lucky railway magnates like Sir Frederick Banbury, are no longer available. The Duke of Northumberland's unalienable right to what is his own is parted from him by a thousand feet of ice, and the Surrey golf links become terminable moraines where even marmots can get no fun. The ball of St. Paul's may be dropped from an iceberg as an erratic block to form a fossil in the bed of Heaven-Knows-What Sea, and to puzzle we may not guess what earnest investigator living in an ameliorated clime and time. All those great accomplishments of our own period, which, as the critics often remark, will "live for ever"—well, what about them?

* * *

CORKS! The ice-cap, as it did once before, retreats finally, and the haunts and works of our age are exposed, or what is left of them, as were those of Magdalenian man. What have we been able to guess about him? Not much; but he used implements having enduring parts of flint and bone. It is his flints and bones we know. It is fairly certain that if he were aware we judged him mainly by his worked bones he might be a little grieved. And to think that after our "wireless" wonders, and our Great Victory, and our O.B.E.s, and the imprisonment of the sun so that he never could set on our dominions, the testimony to our worth should fall to the trifles which our butlers discarded with an imperial and contemptuous gesture during our dinners! Why, it is even possible that future men will be unable to deduce that we employed butlers.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

SOME MELVILLE LETTERS.

[MR. JAMES BILLSON writes us:—*Very few words are necessary to explain the fortunate circumstances which brought me these interesting letters from Herman Melville so many years ago. Finding much difficulty in discovering the titles of his works, I adopted the simple course of writing direct to the author, and, with the help he gave me, I was ultimately able to own nearly all his published works.*

I might add that I was then living at a house known as "The Birds' Nest Farm," and this will explain several references in the latest letters.

"Weddah and Om-el-Bonain," "Sunday up the River," "The City of Dreadful Night," are all titles of poems by James Thomson. "Essays and Phantasies," "Satires and Profanities," are titles of his prose works.]

104, East 26th Street, New York.

Oct. 10th, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—After considerable delay—on this side, I suppose—your note of August 21st reached me but the other day. I cannot but thank you for the kind expressions in it, and really wish that the books you have so patiently disinterred better merited what you say of them. You ask me to give you the names of any other books of mine, with the names of the publishers. The following occur to me:—

"White Jacket," published in London by Bentley.

"Battle Pieces," in verse, published in New York by Harper & Brothers.

"Clarel," published by George P. Putnam's Sons, New York—a metrical affair, a pilgrimage or what not, of several thousand lines, eminently adapted for unpopularity. The notification to you here is ambidexter, as it were: it may intimidate or allure.

Again thanking you for your friendly note, and with best wishes to yourself and your circle, I am very truly yours,

HERMAN MELVILLE.

New York.

December 1st, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for yours of October 28th, and its kindly expressions. I would have acknowledged it ere now but for reasons which it suffices to say—since you will believe it—are adequate.

I owe you sincere thanks also for the volume of poems you were so good as to mail me. The "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain" gave me more pleasure than anything of modern poetry that I have seen in a long while. The fable and the verse are alike supremely beautiful. It is exactly that kind of a *gem* which some of Keats's pieces are; and what can one say more? You should be happy to think that you personally knew the author of such a poem.

You say something about my photograph.

I should be happy to oblige you, but really, there is none that at "present" I can lay hold of. However, should I have one taken again, I will take pleasure in causing one to be mailed to you.

104, East 26th Street, New York.

January 22nd, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am grateful for the last volume you kindly sent me, received yesterday—"Sunday up the River," contrasting with "The City of Dreadful Night," is like a Cuban humming-bird, beautiful in faery tints, flying against the tropic thunder-cloud. Your friend was a sterling poet, if ever one sang. As to the pessimism, although neither pessimist nor optimist myself, nevertheless I relish it in the verse, if for nothing else than as a counterpoise to the exorbitant hopefulness, juvenile and shallow, that makes such a bluster in these days, at least in some quarters.

In a former note you mentioned that although you had unearthed several of my buried books, yet there was

one, "Clarel," that your spade had not succeeded in getting at. Fearing that you never will get at it by yourself, I have disinterred a copy for you, of which I ask your acceptance, and mail it with this note. It is the sole presentation copy of the issue.

Repeating my thanks for both the rare volumes you have been good enough to send me, and thanking you also for your last note, I am very truly yours.

New York.

September 5th.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for two papers received some months ago, one containing an article by your hand on the poet Thomson, the other referring to the South Sea Islands (and was this too written by yourself?), both interesting to me: the first because my interest in the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" was measurably qualified by it.

Moreover, I must thank you for your note of February 18th. Believe me, its friendly proffer of good offices, should occasion occur—this I was, and remain grateful for.

But yet further to bring up arrears, my acknowledgments are due for a copy of "The Academy," received the other day, containing a poem by Robert Buchanan—"Socrates in Camden." For more than one reason this piece could not but give me pleasure. Aside from its poetic quality, there is implied in it the fact that the writer has intuitively penetrated beneath the surface of certain matters here. It is the insight of genius and the fresh mind. The tribute to Walt Whitman has the ring of strong sincerity. As to the incidental allusion to my humble self, it is over-praise, to be sure; but I can't help that, though I am alive to the spirit that dictated it.

But a letter on almost any theme is but an inadequate vehicle, so I will say no more.

New York.

December 20th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—Do not think me indifferent and ungrateful if your last friendly note and gift remain unacknowledged till now. There are natures that after receiving a certain impression as to another, that other need therefore hardly ever enter into intricate explanations, happen what may. This may perhaps be a little obscure to some, but you will understand.

For the two books I thank you much. It is long since I have been so interested in a volume as in that of the "Essays and Phantasies," "Bumble," "Indolence," "The Poet," &c. Each is so admirably honest and original and informed throughout with the spirit of the noblest natures, that it would have been wonderful indeed had they hit the popular taste. They would have to be painstakingly diluted for that—diluted with that prudential worldly element wherewith Mr. Arnold has conciliated the conventionalists, while at the same time showing the absurdity of Bumble. But for your admirable friend this would have been too much like trimming—if trimming, in fact, it be. The motions of his mind in the best of the Essays are utterly untrammelled and independent, and yet falling naturally into grace and poetry. It is good for me to think of such a mind—to know that such a brave intelligence has been—and may yet be, for aught anyone can demonstrate to the contrary. As to his not achieving "fame"—what of that? He is not the less but so much the more. And it must have occurred to you, as it has to me, that the further our civilization advances upon its present lines, so much the cheaper sort of thing does "fame" become, especially of the literary sort. This species of "fame" a waggish acquaintance says can be manufactured to order, and sometimes is so manufactured through the agency of a certain house that has a correspondent in every one of the almost innumerable journals that enlighten our millions from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But this "vanity of vanities" has been inimitably touched upon by your friend in one of his Essays. "Satires and

Profanities" are, of course, written for another plane than that to which the "Essays" are levelled. But many touches are diverting enough: "The Devil in the Church of England," for instance. But I must close.

You asked me for my photograph, but I had none to send you. Now that I have I forward it to you, conditional, however, upon your reciprocating with your own, and this permit me to insist on.

New York.

April 2nd, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—If I am late in acknowledging your last kind note, and the receipt of the welcome gifts it announced, it is from any cause but indifference. I am pleased that you have observed the condition imposed on you, and that, accordingly, you have put me in possession of the photograph of so friendly a correspondent.

For the semi-manuscript "Omar"—the text, coming in that unique form to me, imparted yet added significance to that sublime old infidel.

The discussion about the hundred best books in the "Pall Mall" is perhaps more curious and diverting than profoundly instructive.

For the "Voice from the Nile," containing the added poems of Thomson, the memoir, and the portrait, pray give my best thanks to Mr. Barrs; the pieces having a peculiar interest for that gentleman are extremely pleasing—especially two of them. And yet, if one consider the poet's career, one could heave a big sigh for the fatality inverting so genial a spirit. But perhaps the Gods may make it all up to him wherever he may now sojourn. If they do not, the shabby fellows ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It pleases me to learn from you that Thomson was interested in Wm. Blake. But I must end.

April 7th, 1888.

New York, 104, East 26th Street.

MY DEAR SIR,—I acknowledge—to your previous address—the receipt of the parcel you so kindly sent me; and now, something in the rear, your note turns up, which, I suppose, should have accompanied the book.

Time, just now, hardly admits of my responding to your inquiries as fully as I should like. But let me say that you have all my published books except the "Piazza Tales," now out of print. As for the "Two Captains" and "Man of the World," they are books of the air—and I know of none such. The names appear, though, on the title-page of a book of mine—"Israel Potter"—which was republished by a Philadelphia house some time ago, under the unwarrantably altered title of "The Refugee." A letter to the publisher arrested the publication. I thank you for the very friendly tone of your note, and appreciate it; and I hope that some egg in the "Birds' Nest Farm" may hatch the Bird of Paradise for you—happiness.

104, East 26th Street, New York.

The last day of 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your letter, and thank you for it, and not the less for the book accompanying it. You could hardly have sent me anything more welcome. All the contents are highly interesting; but I agree with you in thinking the Essay on Blake the most so. I learned much from it. But "The City of Dreadful Night," one can hardly over-estimate it, massive and mighty as it is—its gloom is its sublimity. The confronting Sphinx and Angel, where shall we go to match them? Thomson's criticisms in general are very refreshing in their ignoring of the conventional in criticism. But I must rein up. My eyes have been annoying me for some days past; and I know of hardly anything more disconcerting. But let me think of those lines on Patti, and forget that.

You did well in giving your superfluous volume of "John Marr" to Mr. Barrs, to whom I am indebted for "A Voice from the Nile," &c., an appreciated gift. May the Powers long keep snug your *Birds' Nest*!

Reviews.

THE NOSTALGIA OF MR. D. H. LAWRENCE.

Women in Love. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Secker. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. LAWRENCE is set apart from the novelists who are his contemporaries by the vehemence of his passion. In the time before the war we should have distinguished him by other qualities—a sensitive and impassioned apprehension of natural beauty, for example, or an understanding of the strange blood bonds that unite human beings, or an exquisite discrimination in the use of language, based on a power of natural vision. All these things Mr. Lawrence once had, in the time when he thrilled us with the expectation of genius: now they are dissolved in the acid of a burning and vehement passion. These qualities are individual no longer; they no longer delight us; they have been pressed into the service of another power, they walk in bondage and in livery.

It is useless for us to lament their servitude; with Mr. Lawrence—and the feeling is our involuntary acknowledgment of his power and uniqueness—we feel we must

"let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."

Mr. Lawrence is what he is: a natural force over which we have no power of command or persuasion. He has no power of command or persuasion over himself. It was not his deliberate choice that he sacrificed his gifts, his vision, his delicacy, and his eloquence. If ever a writer was driven, it is he.

Not that we absolve him from responsibility for his own disaster. It is part of our creed that he must be responsible; but it is part of his creed that he is not. We stand by the consciousness and the civilization of which the literature we know is the finest flower; Mr. Lawrence is in rebellion against both. If we try him before our court, he contemptuously rejects the jurisdiction. The things we prize are the things he would destroy; what is triumph to him is catastrophe to us. He is the outlaw of modern English literature; and he is the most interesting figure in it. But he must be shown no mercy.

"Women in Love" is five hundred pages of passionate vehemence, wave after wave of turgid, exasperated writing impelled towards some distant and invisible end; the persistent underground beating of some dark and inaccessible sea aura in an underworld whose inhabitants are known by this alone, that they writhe continually, like the damned, in a frenzy of sexual awareness of one another. Their creator believes that he can distinguish the writhing of one from the writhing of another; he spends pages and pages in describing the contortions of the first, the second, the third, and the fourth. To him they are utterly and profoundly different; to us they are all the same. And yet Mr. Lawrence has invented a language, as we are forced to believe he has discovered a perception for them. The eyes of these creatures are "absolved"; their bodies (or their souls: there is no difference in this world) are "suspended"; they are "polarized"; they "lapse out"; they have, all of them, "inchoate" eyes. In this language their unending contortions are described; they struggle and writhe in these terms; they emerge from dark hatred into darker beatitudes; they grope in their own slime to some final consummation, in which they are utterly "negated" or utterly "fulfilled." We remain utterly indifferent to their destinies, we are weary to death of them.

At the end we know one thing and one thing alone: that Mr. Lawrence believes, with all his heart and soul, that he is revealing to us the profound and naked reality of life, that it is a matter of life and death to him that he should persuade us that it is a matter of life and death to ourselves to know that these things are so. These writhings are the only real, and these convulsive raptures, these oozy beatitudes the only end in human life. He would, if he could, put us all on the rack to make us confess his protozoic god; he is deliberately, incessantly, and passionately obscene in the exact sense of the word. He will uncover our nakedness. It is of no avail for us to declare and protest that the things

he finds are not there; a fanatical shriek arises from his pages that they are there, but we deny them.

If they are there, then indeed it is all-important that we should not deny them. Whether we ought to expose them is another matter. The fact that European civilization has up to the advent of Mr. Lawrence ignored them can prove nothing, though it may indicate many things. It may indicate that they do not exist at all; or it may indicate that they do exist, but that it is bound up with the very nature of civilization that they should not be exposed. Mr. Lawrence vehemently believes the latter. It is the real basis of his fury against the consciousness of European civilization which he lately expounded in these pages in a paper on Whitman. He claims that his characters attain whatever they do attain by their power of going back and re-living the vital process of pre-European civilization. His hero, Rupert Birkin, after reaching the beginning of "consummation" with his heroine, Ursula Brangwen, is thus presented:—

"He sat still like an Egyptian Pharaoh, driving the car. He felt as if he were seated in immemorial potency, like the great carved statues of real Egypt, as real and as fulfilled with subtle strength, as these are, with a vague, inscrutable smile on the lips. He knew what it was to have the strange and magical current of force in his back and loins, and down his legs, force so perfect that it stayed him immobile and left his face subtly, mindlessly smiling. He knew what it was to be awakened and potent in that other basic mind, the deepest physical mind. And from this source he had a pure and magic control, magical, mystical, a force in darkness, like electricity."

Through such strange avatars his characters pass, "awakened and potent in their deepest physical mind." European civilization has ignored them. Was it from interested motives, or do they indeed exist?

Is Mr. Lawrence a fanatic or a prophet? That he is an artist no longer is certain, as certain as it is that he has no desire to be one; for whatever may be this "deep physical mind" that expresses its satisfaction in "a subtle, mindless smile," whether it have a real existence or not, it is perfectly clear that it does not admit of individuality as we understand it. No doubt Mr. Lawrence intends to bring us to a new conception of individuality also; but in the interim we must use the conceptions and the senses that we have. Having these only, having, like Sam Weller in the Divorce Court, "only a hordinary pair of eyes," we can discern no individuality whatever in the denizens of Mr. Lawrence's world. We should have thought that we should be able to distinguish between male and female, at least. But no! Remove the names, remove the sedulous catalogues of unnecessary clothing—a new element and a significant one, this, in our author's work—and man and woman are indistinguishable as octopods in an aquarium tank.

The essential crisis of the book occurs in a chapter called, mystically enough, "Excuse." In that chapter Rupert and Ursula, who are said to reach salvation at the end of the history, have a critical and indescribable experience. It is not a matter of sexual intercourse, though that is, of course, incidentally thrown in; but it has a very great deal to do with "loins." They are loins of a curious kind, and they belong to Rupert. Mr. Lawrence calls them "his suave loins of darkness." These Ursula comes "to know." It is, fortunately or unfortunately, impossible to quote these crucial pages. We cannot attempt to paraphrase them; for to us they are completely and utterly unintelligible if we assume (as we must assume if we have regard to the vehemence of Mr. Lawrence's passion) that they are not the crudest sexuality. Rupert and Ursula achieve their esoteric beatitude in a tea-room; they discover by means of "the suave loins of darkness" the mysteries of "the deepest physical mind." They die, and live again. After this experience (which we must call *x*):—

"They were glad, and they could forget perfectly. They laughed and went to the meal provided. There was a venison pasty, of all things, a large broad-faced cut ham, eggs and cresses and red beetroot, and medlars and apple-tart and tea."

We could not resist quoting the final paragraph, if only as evidence that "the deepest physical mind" has no sense of humor. Why, in the name of darkness, "a venison pasty, of all things"? Is a venison pasty more incongruous with this beatitude than a large ham? Does the "deepest

physical mind" take pleasure in a tart when it is filled with apples and none when it is filled with meat?

We have given, in spite of our repulsion and our weariness, our undivided attention to Mr. Lawrence's book for the space of three days; we have striven with all our power to understand what he means by the experience *x*; we have compared it with the experience *y*, which takes place between the other pair of lovers, Gudrun and Gerald; we can see no difference between them, and we are precluded from inviting our readers to pronounce. We are sure that not more than one person in a thousand would decide that they were anything but the crudest kind of sexuality, wrapped up in what Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe has aptly called the language of Higher Thought. We feel that the solitary person might be right; but even he, we are convinced, would be quite unable to distinguish between experience *x* and experience *y*. Yet *x* leads one pair to undreamed-of happiness, and *y* conducts the other to attempted murder and suicide.

This *x* and this *y* are separate, if they are separate, on a plane of consciousness other than ours. To our consciousness they are indistinguishable; either they belong to the nothingness of unconscious sexuality, or they are utterly meaningless. For Mr. Lawrence they are the supreme realities, positive and negative, of a plane of consciousness the white race has yet to reach. Rupert Birkin has a negroid, as well as an Egyptian, avatar; he sees one of those masterpieces of negro sculpture to which we have lately become accustomed. It is not "the plastic idea" which he admires:—

"There is a long way we can travel after the death-break; after that point when the soul in intense suffering breaks, breaks away from its organic hold like a leaf that falls. We fall from the connection with life and hope, we lapse from pure integral being, from creation and liberty, and we fall into the long African process of purely sensual understanding, knowledge in the mystery of dissolution."

"He realized now that this is a long process—thousands of years it takes, after the death of the creative spirit. He realized that there were great mysteries to be unsealed, sensual, mindless, dreadful mysteries, far beyond the phallic cult. How far, in their inverted culture, had these West Africans gone beyond phallic knowledge? Very, very far. Birkin recalled again the female figure: the elongated, long, long body . . . the long imprisoned neck, the face with tiny features like a beetle's. This was far beyond the phallic knowledge, sensual, subtle realities far beyond the scope of phallic investigation."

There remained this way, this awful African process, to be fulfilled. It would be done differently by the white races. We believe Mr. Lawrence's book is an attempt to take us through the process. Unless we pass through this we shall never see the light. If the experiences which he presents to us as part of this process mean nothing, the book means nothing; if they mean something, the book means something; and the value of the book is precisely the value of these experiences. Whatever they are, they are of ultimate fundamental importance to Mr. Lawrence. He has sacrificed everything to achieve them; he has murdered his gifts for an acceptable offering to them. Those gifts were great; they were valuable to the civilization which he believes he has transcended. It may be that we are benighted in the old world, and that he belongs to the new; it may be that he is, like his Rupert, "a son of God"; we certainly are the sons of men, and we must be loyal to the light we have. By that light Mr. Lawrence's consummation is a degradation, his passing beyond a passing beneath, his triumph a catastrophe. It may be superhuman, we do not know; by the knowledge that we have we can only pronounce it sub-human and bestial, a thing that our forefathers had rejected when they began to rise from the slime.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

PATMORE THE JOURNALIST.

Courage in Politics, and other Essays, 1885-1896. By COVENTRY PATMORE. Edited by F. PAGE. (Milford. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. PAGE, in collecting these thirty-nine prose papers by Patmore for the first time, has completed his careful work with an outline of the bibliography of the poet as journalist, which is an illuminating comment in itself upon that aspect

of him. Apparently the earliest article from Patmore appeared in Douglas Jerrold's "Shilling Magazine" of January, 1845, and was a review of Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy"; and for over fifty years his hand was more or less conspicuous in periodical literature. More particularly, Patmore was a reviewer of poetry; incidentally, he discussed architecture, prose, outdoor England, and the axiomatic part of politics. A good many of his pieces he reprinted himself.

The prose style of Patmore, which is an important point with all essayists, and the important point with him, is said by Mr. Page in his concise and valuable preface to fulfil the requirement formulated by Emerson in speaking of Plutarch: "We need books of this tart, cathartic virtue." This he explains, a little further on: "One need not exaggerate the tartness of the flavor: it existed in Coventry Patmore, and in his writings, only as the safeguard of an inner core of sweetness, and in the ensuing essays there is not infrequent fun and at least one of his rare instances of tenderness." By tartness Mr. Page means, we imagine, what we should have been more inclined to call an attitude of superiority in most matters. It is this attitude which leads Patmore to inconsistencies. In 1886, by way of introducing an appreciative depreciation of Jane Austen, he begins: "We ought to feel very proud of the literature of the nineteenth century, if faith is to be put in the sayings of some of our critics"; in 1887, opening a short commendation of Mr. Hardy's novels, he notes that "The wealth of this century in prose fiction is scarcely yet appreciated. The number of novels produced from the time of Sir Walter Scott to the present day which are really works of art, and which deserve, and will probably obtain, a classical position in literature, is surprisingly great; and the fact is curiously little recognized." Like Germany therefore in certain quarters to-day, one suspects, the other critics could do but little right for him; this is by no means a lonely instance of his heads-I-win-tails-you-lose manner. Popular fallacies hedge him in on all sides.

As to his fun, it varies. The following strikes us as of the wrong type, "the question whether it can ever be right to call a spade a shovel with that prefix which the British navy, in the chronic emphasis of his sanguineous temperament, usually attaches to it?" His observation on Blake, "who seems to have been little better than an idiot, except in some few lucid hours of his life," can scarcely be serious; but still he hesitates. At least, he quotes one or two amusing anecdotes, and we will venture no further.

But that Patmore wrote no mean prose is independent of these qualities. He had a good sense of rhythm; an excellent capacity for the construction of long sentences; a wide choice of words (with a tendency to use the foreign phrase once too often in a paper); and a brilliancy of illustration akin to that which sometimes pleases us in his poetry. Brief though these essays are, they nevertheless leave no sense of incompleteness, whether we agree with their content or not. What Patmore believes to be good sense he, once he has forgotten that he is correcting vulgar errors, puts forth with eloquent honesty, taking more trouble over larger truths than over pleasant trails suggested by the momentary subject. He seldom dares greatly into the unknown, but his treatment of what already commanded general belief is strongly original.

His themes are, because of his constant sense of the principle rather than of its particular application, of secondary importance to an estimate of the essays. "His choice," Mr. Page well remarks, "among poets and novelists is a statement of his own position. When he praises the versification of Goldsmith, the diction of Mr. Bridges, the peace of William Barnes, the manners of Mrs. Walford, he is defending the technique of 'The Angel in the House,' and its story. And into Mr. Bridges's and Thomas Woolner's treatment of the classic myths he reads something of the mysticism of 'The Unknown Eros.' That he should have maintained the infinite superiority of Shakespeare to Jane Austen, and the general superiority of Scott to Thackeray and Trollope, was but to hold the balance even." This is admirable criticism, as far as we are concerned. Sometimes the doctrine has disturbed us, as when Patmore slurs over and indeed gloats over Coleridge's desertion of his wife and family, invoking Dorothy Wordsworth in condemnation of

Sara—no unbiased judge, we imagine—and deeming it insupportable that Sara should have required the immortal to rise and light the fire, in midwinter!

THE OLD WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Five Decades of Adventure. By FREDERIC VILLIERS.
2 vols. (Hutchinson, 24s. net.)

ONE of the best things I could say in praise of Villiers is that, though I have known him at intervals for many years and have shared at least five of his campaigns, I had no idea till I read this book what a distinguished record he has. I used to call him "Dear old Plevna," and if we were jammed up together on a road, I used to say: "Let Shipka pass"; but he so seldom spoke of his experiences that I never quite realized his remarkable career. I should love to have heard more, especially about the first war of Serbia with Turkey, the state of Bulgaria at the time of "the atrocities," and Wolseley's Nile campaign for the rescue of Gordon, but he hardly ever spoke of them. In the case of Bulgaria this was the more remarkable, because we were in Bulgaria together during the triumphant advance of the Bulgarian Army against the Turks in 1912, and where, thirty-five years before, he had seen a few wretched huts, we found the large and fairly beautiful city of Sophia. He told me a little, but nothing to compare with what he tells in this fascinating book.

What I did know of him was, first, his singularly humane and generous nature. If Villiers possessed anything in the way of stores or comforts, it was not his, but every friend's. Once in the steaming, boiling heat of a Moroccan campaign he lent me a thermos flask full of cold water, and one cannot imagine a more self-sacrificing deed. This undeviating kindness is illustrated by an event at Kinchow during the Chinese-Japanese War of 1894:—

"My billet," he writes, "was a room in which there was a fireplace and a comfortable settee. When I arrived to take up my quarters, I saw two young men weeping bitterly as they were dragging a chair, in which sat their shrivelled, ancient grandfather, within a few weeks of a century in age, to the door. I said to my interpreter, 'What's all this about?' He told me it was to make room for me. Of course, I at once cried a halt, and the old gentleman was reinstated in his place before the fire, and the two boys were mightily cheered."

Villiers would not have told that characteristic story but for the sequel: the old man sought to express his gratitude by allotting to him a small fraction of an absolutely rotten and stinking egg which he had concealed for his own benefit in a deep hole in the garden.

Of course, I knew Villiers also as a war artist, and I should rank him with Willie Maud as one of the two best war artists I had campaigned with before the Great War, when conditions became so different. In judging his work, one has to remember that he was a journalist, and the journalist's next duty to accuracy is speed, whether in Fleet Street or at a front. Watching him at work, I have often wondered at the rapid accuracy with which he could convey an impression of the scene, either in pencil or in Indian ink, which I think was his favorite medium. I especially recall a very remarkable drawing of the mountain region in Morocco where the Spaniards have lately again suffered so terrible a reverse. And my only regret about these two volumes is that examples of his illustration are so scanty. Perhaps he intends to publish a separate volume of nothing but his own drawings. It would be well worth while.

Villiers has passed through every age of war corresponding, except the age of "Billy" Russell, of Crimean fame. He began with the generation of his friend Archibald Forbes, and with him one must mention E. F. Knight, Harry Pearse, Scudamore, Bennet Burleigh, and, of course, MacGahan. That generation overlapped into the age of George Steevens, Willie Maud, J. B. Atkins, Lionel James, W. B. Maxwell, Donohoe, and others of the Omdurman and South African Campaigns. And Villiers has again overlapped into the age of the numerous and distinguished war correspondents of the Great War, when our work was placed upon such a different, and, on the whole, a more satisfactory footing. He has survived a great period and enjoyed a great career. To myself, his finest adventure seems to have been

his share in the terrible desert march of Herbert Stewart's column in the Wolseley Campaign, and his account of the critical fight at Abu Klea is the most vivid passage in a work full of vivid interest. Long ago, Harry Pearse, who was there, gave me much the same account, and all who have tried to tell the story, even of a comparatively small engagement, know how seldom two versions agree. The agreement is a tribute to the survivor, and to that honorable and gallant correspondent now dead for nearly twenty years.

I said my only complaint about the book was the scarcity of Villiers's own drawings, and certainly that is the chief. But one does miss an index, and I do not understand why he has put his account of the Russo-Japanese War before the "Kitchener-to-Khartoum" Campaign and before the South African War. He must have some reason, for his dates are otherwise, I think, always consecutive. But these are small points of criticism in volumes so full of variety and personal attraction.

H. W. N.

AN INDIAN LEADER.

The Life of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta: A Political Biography. By H. P. MODY. Two vols. (Bombay: "Times" Press.)

FIVE men have the right to be named as the founders of the Indian reform movement. Two of them were Scots—Allan O. Hume and Sir William Wedderburn. The third was a Brahmin of Calcutta—W. C. Bonnerjee—astonishingly unlike the typical Bengali as conceived by Anglo-India. Two were Parsees—Dadabhai Naoroji, and the remarkable man whose life of seventy years is recorded in this latest addition to the comparatively short list of Indian political biographies.

Bombay is the only town in Asia that can be regarded as a great modern city, and the shaping of its civic life synchronized with the public career of Pherozeshah Mehta. Born in 1845, the son of a Parsee merchant, he had the then exceptional fortune of coming to England on a handsome scholarship. He spent three years in London, and was called to the Bar at a time when Indian barristers were very few. Back in Bombay, he climbed rapidly in his profession, developed unusual gifts of speech and of managing men, and within a short term of years was wielding an influence in public affairs which has had no parallel in British India. The Bombay Corporation was largely of his moulding, while the activities and controversies of forty years appear, in singular fashion, to revolve round this masterful citizen. In the municipal chamber and the university his ascendancy was unchallenged for over a quarter of a century; and when at a late date a concerted effort was made for his overthrow, it was by so discreditable a combination of servility and chicane that the Boss was able to recover and to give Lord Sydenham a rather uncomfortable experience during the greater part of his Governorship.

It was the founding of the Indian National Congress, in 1885, which gave Pherozeshah Mehta his place as an Indian political leader. After the early years of the movement he was not at all regular in his attendance at the annual assemblies: the severe toil of political education and organization was not for him. But his power behind the scenes and from a distance was enormous, and his presence on the Congress platform, whenever he did attend, was decisive. By conviction and temperament he was a Constitutional Liberal, an immitigable Moderate; and nothing is more significant of the stupidity of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy than its inability to see the value of an Indian leader such as this, and to use him in the public service. In the National Congress the extremist forces began to gather some time before the end of the Curzon régime. Mr. Mody shows that it was mainly Pherozeshah who held them back year after year, until the Great War swept all but a few tenacious survivors from the middle of the road. But in his last ten years he was leading a lost cause. Educated India, when Lord Curzon dropped the reins, had already moved beyond the political ideas of Naoroji and Mehta.

Indian biography is a peculiar thing, and this Life illustrates the peculiarity more strikingly than any recent

example we have seen. The personal element is almost entirely lacking. The background of home and friends which gives reality to every Western life story is not here at all. Pherozeshah's two marriages are referred to in a sentence. Not a single letter of his was available to the biographer. There is a brief mention of his favorite reading, but not a word is said about his inner life, his beliefs, or his feeling about anything or anybody except his circle of political associates. He was a man who combined an impressive person and magnificent ways with foibles such as one has never known in any other modern Indian. When he went up country, on law business or otherwise, he travelled in state, with a surprising retinue. His clothes were carefully thought out; his toilette was an affair of Brummellian elaboration. His dyes and cosmetics were displayed without shame. Again, his fine public spirit was matched by an insatiable love of personal power. It was simply true that in Bombay he could brook no rival near the throne, and from time to time he stooped to manoeuvres which few men of his intellectual rank could have attempted or survived.

And yet it is unimaginable that such a man as G. K. Gokhale should have honored him to the end as master and teacher, unless, behind the polished shell, there had been a sound nature. Mr. Mody, himself a member of the Parsee community, has done a notable job. He has used the documents thoroughly and has attained a high degree of accuracy in his narrative. Moreover, he has written an honest biography. His English is fluent and grammatically correct. But the two volumes are a surprising storehouse of outworn periphrases and rhetorical turns. It would almost seem that Mr. Mody has collected every *cliché* he has ever heard. The fact, associated with a writer so naturally good, is a forcible condemnation of the traditional ways of teaching English to Indians.

"AFTER THE ANTIQUE."

French Furniture under Louis XVI. and the Empire. By ROGER DE FELICE. Translated by F. M. ATKINSON. (Heinemann. 4s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the material objects which surround us and make up our environment—setting aside such things as wives, friends, and cats, whose association with us is purely voluntary—the closest in point of intimacy, after our clothes, is our furniture. We are dependent on it for so many sensory impressions, and so many temperamental helps and hindrances, that it is not surprising that we and it mutually react on one another, and that the changes in man's thought are faithfully reflected in his furniture.

Twice at least, in comparatively modern history, has the Classic Age risen out of its grave, and changed the mind and the manners of the time. The Renaissance, that greatest rebirth, broke down intellectual and moral barriers, let art and thought out of prison, and began a new spring; a budding and flowering and bursting of shoots which overflowed all traditional boundaries. That impulse was a truly creative one, coming from within; positive and stimulating, not negative and repressing. The second return to classicism, which, in France, produced the Empire style, was an imitative one, the child of fashion and reason, and its influence was repressing and limiting, intolerant and dogmatic; testing all things by one narrow standard, and imprisoning beauty in a cage of architectural straight lines and cold classic detail.

It would be interesting to speculate what form the French Revolution might have taken, had Herculaneum and Pompeii lain undiscovered for another hundred years. Their unearthing in the first half of the eighteenth century, and their popularization among the fashionable and artistic world of that day, flooded Paris with articles *à la Grecque*, and colored popular taste both in art and literature. The fashion spreading, the cultured, who were beginning to tire of the over-elaborated and structureless decadence of the existing style in furniture, began to cultivate a taste for pure line and the austerity of the Antique.

The new influence was, at first, all for good. The anonymous and witty "Supplication to Jewellers, Gold-

smiths, Woodcarvers, &c.," which appeared in the "Mercure de France" in 1754, shows the prevailing tendency, and a fine and most successful mixture of styles is found in many of the pieces of this transitional period. Structure was wanting in the fanciful, overloaded furniture in the older taste, and structure the budding "Louis XVI." added to it. It was only when events began to overshadow fashions, when artistic principles began to be identified with and to take on the importance of moral laws, that art became dogma, and the intolerance of the Committee of Public Safety was paralleled in the inflexible lines, narrow symbolism, and dry repetitions of the furniture of the day:—

"The proportions of the mixture," says M. de Felice, "of the exact imitation of the antique with attention to comfort, are the opposite of what prevailed during the 'Louis XVI.' period; the latter adopted from the antique only what was compatible with comfort and the requirements of modern life, the Empire period only admits as much comfort as is compatible with its abstract notions of pure beauty. This style is therefore largely an artificial one, in rebellion against life and nature. From this comes the impression one has, in a strictly Empire interior, of being in a museum; anything that speaks of life, the supple beauty of a bunch of flowers, a woman's scarf forgotten on the back of a chair, a seat out of place, is like a clap of thunder; instinctively one wants to put that armchair back in its place; to restore the outraged asymmetry, to shut this book that has been left open, and put it back in the caryatid-adorned bookcase; to pat that cushion covered with rich silk, which, between those two funereal sphinxes, has dared to retain the imprint of a living body."

Yet, in its finest development, and in the hands of a master, the Empire style has a bleak nobility shared by no other period of furnishing. It was admirably suited to its world; a world in which one thought in continents and talked magnificent abstractions; where the individual was swallowed up in the race, and all the little loves and hates and domesticities were blown away on the east wind of Antique Virtue.

M. Roger de Felice is to be congratulated on this book. It is a model of what such a treatise should be. It deals with the furniture of this interesting period as part of its century, part of the history and soul of its day, and shows its relation to events and tendencies coincident with it. French dress, French furnishing, and French habits were as profoundly affected for the time as was French history, and an equally rapid decadence of style and manners marks the death of the idealist spirit which informed them all. M. de Felice gives us the story of an emotional upheaval, illustrated by furniture. His illustrations are beautiful, well chosen, and apt, and his clear treatment and knowledge of his subject leave us, as they should, with the impression that it is all very simple, though he handles elaborate detail as well as generalizations. The book is as well constructed and as nicely proportioned, as fine in polish and as restrained in ornament, as even M. Reisener could wish; though it has perhaps lost a trifle of its grace in the hands of the translator.

BIOGRAPHICAL FICTION.

The Journal of Henry Bulver. By CHERRY VEHEYNE. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

The World's Illusion. By JACOB WASSERMANN. Translated by L. LEWISOHN. Two vols. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d. each.)

It is curious to observe the vicissitudes of the Strong Man. Of yore, he hardly spoke a word, but golden deeds rained out of a golden heart. Then he went rusty, and even the circulating libraries wearied of his muscularities and monosyllables. Then, suddenly, he came to life again—out of America, whence have arisen so many monstrous births. The novels of Theodore Dreiser were the Strong Man Transformed—from a simple goodness to an equally simple villainy, from a weighty silence to an equally vehement loquacity. It is a striking comment upon the imperishability of matter, which never dies, but merely passes itself on in a different form. Mr. Dreiser was as muscular in words as the erstwhile Strong Man in deeds, and his business men, committing one legalized atrocity after another

with Napoleonic dash, had a positive intellectual vogue among those very folk to whom the common ancestor of his heroes was a figure of mild derision. Miss Veheyne carries the evolution of the Strong Man a step further; we can still recognize the antique lineaments, but the study is complexifying, and he of the prairie and the counting-house has now acquired quite the Shavian manner. This new savory is very resourcefully prepared, and the unfolding of our primitive has now gone to such lengths that from a great-hearted soldier in the war of virtue whom we all adored with a calf-love that did not endure, he has become an objective study whom we dislike but analyze. Henry Bulver, again, is a genius who writes plays, and here is the parallel of the mustard seed with a vengeance. It is unthinkable that our ancient could ever have written plays—his but to act them—and yet Henry Bulver, the Napoleon of Wall Street, and this high, heroic being are one and the same person! Miss Veheyne's dressing is, as we say, extremely dexterous. Henry Bulver's diary is introduced and half defended, half deprecated by his friend Lord Bobbie Steel, through a choice preface in ironic contrast with the brusque, elliptic, heady entries of Bulver's own diary, which ends in madness and suicide. The genius one must take for granted—it all went into the plays, and there was no margin left over for the diary—for the real interest is pathological. Bulver's actual biography is mainly concerned with his relations with women, his desertion of his betrothed on the wedding day because of the unsuitability of the match, his elopement with his benefactor's wife for the curious reason that he was bored by her tears, his further desertion of her for much the same reason as the first, and of his wife for the stormy attractions of the bold, bad, and beautiful actress, Edna Waldron, and so on. A man's deeds are very much more difficult to weigh and judge than his general temper and psychology. The pathological element of Bulver is in his abnormal self-righteousness, which not only permits him to sanctify all he does, but to voice sentiments and opinions of the paste-board fools-and-weaklings-ought-to-be-exterminated order without a mental qualm or critical blush. That way madness did lie, and in thus adapting and revivifying the Strong Man to give him his quietus, Miss Veheyne has done good service both to letters and common-sense.

"The World's Illusion" is an ultra-modern novel cast in a classical and traditional mould, clearly indicated in the very first words of its 800 odd pages: "From the days of his earliest manhood, Crammon, a pilgrim upon the paths of pleasantness and delight, had been a constant wayfarer from capital to capital and from country-seat to country-seat." The infectious, world-old, Odyssean note is struck at once. It is a work painted on so large a canvas, containing such diversity of scene, episode, and character, and of a prodigality like nature's, that it is impossible to give a total impression of it. It is a cosmos, disconcertingly patchy, and welded by a massive brain of fragments of all things into a rather deceptive unity. We are reminded in the oddest way of Fielding, Smollett, Hugo, Sienkiewicz, Gorky, Anatole France, Bunyan, and Dostoevsky, and the manœuvring of whole platoons of characters upon a loosely connected chain of stages in short, kaleidoscopic scenes is so breathless an adventure that we have little opportunity to take a reckoning. In a queer combination of ardor and polish, spiritual quest and material panoply, Mr. Wassermann aims at world-conquest, and we are whirled at his heels in alternating moods of resistance and surrender. Indeed, if it were not for the traditional element, the author's eruptive inventiveness would explode his book and disperse its effect in a shower of disoriented atoms. But the mould holds, and enables him to gather some spiritual significance out of the medley, which, enigmatic as it always is, intensifies towards the close. The central figure is not the urbane Crammon on his endless round of epicurean experience, but his discovery, Christian Wahnschaffe, the indulged son of a millionaire, who pursues his vain, glittering adventures with an imperturbable reserve of mystery which slowly divulges itself in a renunciation of all worldly appeals and a submergence into the abysses of the Berlin slums, where alone he achieves his journey's end, the freedom of the spirit. What is his final verdict upon life is left obscure, and the tragic power of the scene between Christian and the frenzied murderer of the virgin Ruth Hofmann, Niels Heinrich,

wherein the former renounces all judgment, except upon those who will not act (a conclusion more of Blake than Christianity), hides as much as it reveals. Whatever the faults of "The World's Illusion," it is constructed on the grand scale and in the grand manner, and its force and character, however singular, are unquestionable.

Foreign Literature.

YOUNG GERMAN POETS.

Menschheitsdämmerung: Symphonie jüngster Dichtung.

Herausgegeben von KURT PINTHUS. (Berlin: Rowohlt.)

Der Gerichtstag. Von FRANZ WERFEL. (Munich: Wolff.)

Der Wald. Von PAUL ZECH. (Dresden: Sibyllen-Verlag.)

Verbrüderung. Von JOHANNES R. BECHER. (Munich: Wolff.)

Gedichte. Von GEORG TRAKL. (Munich: Wolff.)

Der politische Dichter. Von WALTER HASENCLEVER. (Berlin: Rowohlt.)

Der Retter: Dramatische Dichtung. Von WALTER HASENCLEVER. (Berlin: Rowohlt.)

Die Kelter. Von BRUNO FRANK. (Munich: Musarion-Verlag.)

FROM a by no means superficial review of present-day German poetry one would derive the impression that nearly all the young poets of any consequence were politicians as well. Certainly the tendency to combine art with political advocacy has become marked since the Revolution. It is as if a reaction had come after so many years of repression, when the excursions of poets, novelists, and dramatists, if their sentiments were at all unfavorable to the Imperial régime, were liable to be visited—in Prussia, at least—with severe reproof or actual legal penalties. The political poems of Frank Wedekind are one case in point among several which might be cited. Moral or religious heterodoxy—Wedekind's plays, for example—was tolerated in Germany before the war, and was probably far commoner there than anywhere else in Europe. To be politically unorthodox, however, was, for an artist, a game that was far from profitable, and the natural consequence was that the artists, like most of the remainder of the population, were driven away from politics.

Now they have obtained their right of entry and are exercising the privilege with remarkable thoroughness. The volume "Menschheitsdämmerung," which is a collection of poems by most of the younger German poets, particularly of those whose political inclinations are to the Left, provides scores of examples. The editor attempts no apology; rather he explains and justifies the principles and methods of these poets, in a passage which deserves to be quoted:—

"Never was the æsthetic principle, the principle of *l'art pour l'art*, so despised as in this poetry, which is called the 'youngest,' or the 'expressionist,' because it represents eruption, explosion, intensity—qualities it must possess to break through the hostile barriers opposing it. It avoids the naturalistic representation of reality, and . . . is produced by the powerful means of expression it is able to draw from the spirit. . . . Social conditions are not reproduced in realistic detail, as was the case with the literature of the 'nineties, but are transfused entirely into universal human ideals. Even the Great War, which crushed out the existence of many of these younger artists, is not rendered realistically. It is—and was long before its actual outbreak—constantly before their minds as a vision of universal terror, as the most inhuman of evils, which can only be driven from the world by the triumph of the ideals of brotherhood among men."

In other words, the younger poets are not æsthetes, still less are they naturalistic writers after the style of Arno Holz, Johannes Schlaf, or the earliest Hauptmann. They generalize the social problem, endeavor to take it into their imagination and there transform it, making of their work not a mere picture of evil political or social conditions, but a kind of spiritual delineation and protest.

The result, one must confess, is scarcely more inspiring than that achieved by the naturalists of the old school. It is pessimism in both cases: with the Hauptmann an objective pessimism—so we might distinguish one from the other—and with these younger men of our own day a subjective pessimism. The ultra-realistic dramatists and

poets of the 'nineties made their audience depressed by actual concrete cases of social misery and injustice; the new men make their audience equally depressed, but rather at the sight of the poet's own depression and despair. Thus Paul Zech, in a short poem entitled "Fabrikstrasse," gives a vivid but fleeting impression of what a road leading to a factory looks like, and then crushes the reader with the spiritual weight it has placed on his own mind. The achievement may be salutary in its effect, the means by which it is produced may be employed with considerable talent. What cannot, surely, be admitted is the claim that this constitutes a tremendous advance over the art of, say, "Die Weber." There is a difference of method, that is all, and imaginative exaltation is scarcely more in evidence in the one case than in the other. A worse case is Walter Hasenclever, who seems to be more under the hopeless influence of actualities than any of his colleagues. During the war this young writer wrote a kind of modernized "Antigone," which, although an ill-disguised dramatic sermon against the war and the German Emperor, nevertheless contained several beautiful passages. In "Der politische Dichter" he has got together a number of his political poems—among them "Jaurès Tod—Jaurès Auferstehung," a poem on the suppression of the Spartacist revolt, dedicated to the memory of Karl Liebknecht. They have emphasis, a certain melodramatic energy—as has his symbolist dramatic poem "Der Retter"—but scarcely any other element of greater vitality than is possessed by a newspaper article. There is, one feels, the stuff of true poetry in Hasenclever, but it will hardly find expression so long as he confines his attention to or draws his inspiration exclusively from current German politics.

There are, of course, exceptions, poets who do not withdraw from the events and emotions of the time—on the contrary, plunge right into them—and yet preserve imagination, which is timeless, in their work. It is all a question of comparative values. With Hasenclever and so many of his colleagues it is, first of all, a matter of producing a political effect—the means employed are beside the point. With Werfel, and now and then with other poets of the same group—Johannes R. Becher, for example—the transformation of political or social sentiments into imaginative experience is complete, the indefinable and infinitely deep abyss between propaganda and poetry is bridged. Several of the poems of Werfel printed in the "Menschheitsdämmerung" collection stand out from among the others by reason of this quality. Poems such as "Wir sind," "Herz, frohlocke," even "Der Krieg," written on August 4th, 1914, can be detached from their age and its strivings with greater ease than the work of any of the other poets. A few of the best will hardly appear old-fashioned when the German Revolution, with the motives behind it, has passed into the mists of history. The next generation of readers of poetry will not turn to even the "political" poems of Werfel—as, on the whole, it will turn to those of such poets as Ludwig Rubiner, Wilhelm Klemm, René Schickele, Alfred Wolfenstein—merely for historical guidance as to what the younger men thought and said during the Great War and on its catastrophic culmination. It will turn to them for their poetry, and nothing but their poetry.

It is natural that those poets who, even when starting out from political or social conditions, achieve success in "universalizing" their writing, should also be capable on occasion of escaping entirely from such conditions. Werfel certainly does, particularly in his most recent volume "Der Gerichtstag." This contains five series of poems, connected with each other by the thinnest of links, and including a magical play, a "Zauberspiel," "Die Mittagsgöttin," which foreshadows the poet's latest development. Some of the individual poems are of a remarkable beauty, whether the beauty of tenderness, as in the "Ballade" to the poet's sister, or the beauty of vigorous, sincere eloquence, as in the poem "An die Dichter"—for Werfel is decidedly a poet of widely differing moods and expression. A knowledge of his work in general is certainly indispensable to any student of contemporary German poetry.

As regards the other poets here under review and not yet discussed—Paul Zech, Georg Trakl, and Bruno Frank—it can be said that they at least have this in common with Werfel—they can disentangle themselves from the web of

politics when they will. The first two are represented in the "Menschheitsdämmerung" volume, Bruno Frank not at all—in fact, from one or two patriotic poems at the end of his collection, "Die Kelter," one would surmise that he is altogether antipathetic to the political views underlying that anthology. Georg Trakl served as an army doctor on the Galician front until he was killed in November, 1914, leaving behind a collection of poetry which is slender but worth noting for a few unobtrusive lyrics of Nature in her quiet moments, an impression of a stormy evening, of autumn, winter twilight. That Paul Zech could write poems other than on the subject of factories is proved by his little volume "Der Wald," which also contains a number of poems of subdued delight in the forest, the birds which sing in it, and the heavenly blue which can be seen through the branches. Bruno Frank's is a heterogeneous collection, including several poems of no great importance written in his youth, a long and ambitious poem to a dead lover, "Requiem," and several lyrics grouped under the title which gives its name to the whole book. The short poems are the best; they give promise of exquisitely wrought verse which shall yet have sincerity and feeling behind it.

Books in Brief.

Japanese Impressions: with a Note on Confucius. By PAUL-LOUIS COUCHOUD. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"As long as we consecrated ourselves to the work of an intensive civilization, as long as we produced only men of letters, men of knowledge, and artists, you treated us as barbarians. Now that we have learned to kill, you call us civilized." In these critical and rather sorrowful words an eminent Japanese statesman rebuked the Western world. An artist like M. Couchoud would be expected in looking at Japan to keep in mind that rebuke. He is concerned with the civilization which exists in the heart and mind, and not with the perversion of it which is symbolized in armaments. Japanese politics and the men who dabble in it are of the quality and inspiration we are familiar with in the West. It is better for our health not to think of them exclusively; and it was supererogatory of M. Couchoud to deny at length that Japan awaited the arrival of Europeans in order to become civilized. Japan, he shows, was less like a barbarian than "like a man so fundamentally cultured that he was ready to absorb whatever of value comes to him from another world." But, surely, all Japan absorbed was the skill of making lethal weapons and the trick of diplomatic language. M. Couchoud notes the emotion of the Japanese in the face of nature; it is with reluctance, even in their severe winter climate, that they close their houses against "what is for them a perpetually renewed spectacle of beauty. Throughout all the change of seasons, the Japanese removes the finely constructed partitions of wood and paper which separate him from the sky, from the flight of birds, and from the profound calm of his garden. In every room he places the tiny tree which resumes in itself the spirit of forests. His cities are parks, and his temples are alive with flowers and with animals. . . . It is not such a sentiment for nature, but rather its extension to an entire people, which is extraordinary." M. Couchoud shows that this "passion of the intelligence which relates the Japanese to nature" exists also in the sentiment for art. These studies and impressions have the ease and quiet and surety which are the mark of knowledge in the mind of an artist. Mrs. Frances Rumsey is the translator, and M. Anatole France, in the course of an introduction written specially for English readers, expresses pleasure at finding the richness of M. Couchoud's language conserved in the translation. How charmingly he praises!

The Wages of Labor. By WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P. (Cassell. 5s. net.)

MR. GRAHAM is one of the most gifted among the members of Labor's right wing. The criticisms and proposals of the Left have most of the publicity, and it is refreshing to discover the point of view of one who in spirit and intention is revolutionary enough to desire an end to an inequitable

industrial system, but, knowing man's weaknesses and his lack of that discipline by which alone freedom can be truly exercised, is concerned about his party being prepared with an immediately practical policy to oppose to the Conservatives and reactionaries. Mr. Graham writes forcibly and clearly. He examines the nature of the wages system, the minimum rate and standard wage, and scientific management, and concludes that improvement and change are possible within the existing system. He does not accept (though able Guildsmen will be quick to seize upon the flaws of his argument) that wagedom of necessity means serfdom. He is encouraged by the growing movement in favor of joint control and the democratization of industry, and sees in the development of strong works committees great possibilities in the process of making wages scientific, in fixing rates, and in participating in management—"conferring upon the workers greater responsibility and power, and assisting to raise them to the new conception of partnership rather than leave them in the old groove as mere servants at the beck and call of others. In short, the works committee is to the coming industrial State what the parish council is to the political State; it is the embodiment of decentralization and of power." Joint industrial councils should become bodies in which the common experience and knowledge of industries are pooled for the public good. In the British coal trade, for instance, the powers of such a council would be extremely large, embracing the distribution of coal under the peace treaties, and becoming, in that respect, not merely a national, but an international body entrusted with real economic statesmanship. Effective councils of this kind would pave the way to the Guild organization. Mr. Graham's conception of the function of the Guild will not commend itself to many of the younger Socialists. Its chief task, he thinks, would be to safeguard real income and maintain the standard of living against economic fluctuations.

Co-operation in Ireland. By LIONEL SMITH-GORDON and CRUISE O'BRIEN. (Manchester: Co-operative Union. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is a notable achievement to write a book on Ireland—particularly when it deals with the question of land, which is so much bound up in politics—and keep it almost free of controversy. The authors could not avoid some reference to the mismanagement of the land problem and the tragic sequel to the famine of 1846-8, and their mild comment is: "Insecurity of tenure, inflated rents, and foolish government are not the conditions under which farming in any country can successfully be carried on, nor is it to be expected that all the evil results of such a system can be eradicated in a few years." The authors' scope is less than is implied by the title of their book. What they have devoted themselves to is a history of Sir Horace Plunkett's great work and of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. As an indication of the mass of prejudice Sir Horace Plunkett had to face in the early days of the movement, when he was denounced by Unionists and Nationalists alike, it is related that in one community where a creamery was nearly started, the whole scheme was destroyed by the announcement of a local leader of public opinion that "every pound of butter must be made on Nationalist principles, or not at all." The first co-operative creamery was started in 1890, and in twelve months there were seventeen societies in existence. To-day it is the most hopeful industrial movement in the country, and the authors claim that, in view of the peculiar difficulties—political, religious, and economic—which beset the co-operative movement in Ireland at every turn, its success could never have been achieved but for the enthusiasm and genius of, first, Sir Horace Plunkett, and, in only a less degree, Mr. George Russell (Æ.), and Messrs. Anderson and Norman. No reference is made to the Black-and-Tan method of dealing with creameries.

The South Sea Bubble. By LEWIS MELVILLE. (Daniel O'Connor. 25s. net.)

PERHAPS in all reading of history the predominant factor which should be considered is the credulity of the human creature. He believes much and suffers long. The South Sea

Bubble is a classic instance; the Great War and After will be another. As the indefatigable Mr. Melville says, "the story of the South Sea Company is simply the old, old story of Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon." An anonymous would-be benefactor published a pamphlet a hundred years ago entitled "The South Sea Bubble and the numerous fraudulent projects to which it gave rise in 1720 historically detailed as a beacon to the unwary against modern schemes equally visionary and nefarious." But Captain Rook did not worry over that beacon. An historian with a sense of drama, and knowing all that Mr. Melville has been at such praiseworthy pains to learn, could make an enthralling story of a dementia of speculation on so colossal a scale as the Bubble demonstrated, the duplicity, greed, and stupidity in high places and low, the soar and the crash and the panic. And when he attempts the task he will be indebted to the labors of Mr. Melville, who has studied every source of information and every document which bears upon the subject. He has collected a valuable store of facts, and he displays and explains them lucidly and interestingly. The volume is amply illustrated with reproductions of old prints.

Memoirs of a Clubman. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

MR. BURGIN has written more than sixty novels, and is described by his publisher as "one of the most companionable and witty writers who have graced modern English literature." Also, he has been a reader at Pearson's, and his reminiscences, always good-natured and uncritical of his fellow-craftsmen, have the brightness and informativeness of a "Pearson's Weekly" series. They tell of the interesting people he has met and of the interesting things they said to him. The style of the book tends to prevent the news we get of our favorite authors from sinking in, we are jostled so abruptly from the arms of one into the arms of another. Mr. Burgin dined at the Pines and saw Swinburne drink beer "with evident enjoyment." He is a friend of Miss Corelli, whose "wonderful knack of penetrating the joints of her opponent's armor" commands his "intense admiration." Someone told Miss Corelli that "I was going to end my days in a Trappist monastery, and she wrote to me pointing out that it was rather an unnecessary thing to do. I agreed with her. Since then, nothing has disturbed the harmony of our relations, and I hope nothing ever will. . . ." "One day I met Douglas Sladen . . ." and so the tale trips on.

From the Publishers' Table.

THE Stowe sale has passed, unaffected, apparently, by the sharp criticisms of the Press upon the manner of its cataloguing. It seems that the library now sold was a poor substitute for the original library removed and sold in 1849, so that the ado was about very little. The books and documents realized nearly £2,000; the Hampden letter, or rather note, was bought for £50. The items distinguished in heavy type in the catalogue, despite the critics, proved the items of highest price. Of the vellum deeds, many are said to have changed hands at figures far above their value. Circumstances had certainly led to their being hastily catalogued, but the seriousness with which this fact has been regarded was unnecessary, unless we are misinformed as to the moderate importance of the deeds.

FUTURE research will be greatly simplified by the labor which the Library Association lavishes on its "Subject Index to Periodicals." This Index is now complete for the years 1917-1919 as far as "Theology and Philosophy," "Historical, Political, and Economic Sciences," "Education and Child Welfare," "Fine Arts and Archaeology," and "Music" are concerned: these subjects are issued in parts lettered respectively A, B—E, F, G, and H. Some idea of the work involved (and saved) can be got from the statistics of the second, containing "over 12,000 entries from over 400 English and Foreign Periodicals." Glancing through the names of articles on music, we notice "How music helped to win the war" and "The jazz-band at the front" next to it. According to our recollection, there is no reconciling these two themes.

OUR age is doing its utmost to cultivate beauty in practical matters. Antique lettering on posters, script writing in schools, and handsome typography have become ruling passions. The great virtue of many pleasant pages left us by the past is their unpremeditated art; but the premeditated is not therefore discounted. The latest exponents of fine printing to claim our attention are the Cloister Press, of Heaton Mersey, near Manchester. These printers have issued two thoroughly attractive pamphlets by way of exhibition. Mr. Walter Lewis, formerly of the Ballantyne Press and the Complete Press, is manager.

MAJOR G. BAILLIE's little book on "Dry Fly Fishing," just published at half-a-crown by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, is intended to encourage beginners and those who have not begun. Major Baillie dissuades lady anglers from wearing jumpers "of a flaming mustard color," and all from "despising the local poacher's 'nothing-on-earth' fly; if he is killing trout and they are taking as much notice of your Ogden Smith as if it was a hornet, come off your Piccadilly perch and try the 'nothing-on-earth' fly." An enthusiast for a teacher!

THE ninety-sixth catalogue of Messrs. Thorp, of St. Martin's Lane, includes a tall copy of the first edition of Gulliver (£65). In another catalogue issued by Messrs. Thorp at Guildford, £16 is asked for the Aldine edition, 1844, of Charles Churchill's "Poetical Works." Churchill's books are not much read, but still appeal to the bibliophile. He is one of the disappointments of literary history; his first brilliance was his best. Peter Cunningham well calls him "an excellent Oldham . . . coarse, vigorous, surly, and slovenly." Perhaps had he lived less violently he would not have exhausted his originality so soon.

ANTHOLOGIES may multiply, but fresh excuses are always presenting themselves. We notice a contemporary's suggestion for selecting from the genuine poetry produced in asylums. This is not so rash as at first sight it would appear. "It is very difficult," observed Nat Lee, himself on the verge of insanity, "to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool." Apart from Lee and Clare, there is, of course, Smart, with his great "Song to David" and perhaps other poems; while Coleridge's strange friend, William Gilbert, did not wholly miss greatness in his "Hurricane." This unconventional poem appeared in 1796:—

"Soon the expected signals of
Distress roll through the heavy storm; the wind
Almost suppressed the deep-mouthed sound it bore.
Reiterate at rapid intervals,
The guns were heard, and oftentimes joined the thunder.
The firing ceased. The aggravated storm rode
Wide and unrivalled through the midnight air.
All else was silence."

Gilbert, who once covered London with immense placards announcing "The Law of Fire," died at Charleston, in America, about 1825.

Science.

THE NEW SCIENTIFIC HORIZON.

ABOUT current scientific speculations there is one characteristic, subtle, perhaps, but profound and far-reaching, which distinguishes them from the scientific speculations of the Victorian age. We can best isolate this characteristic by considering it as a particular manifestation of something which is met with in nearly every phase of contemporary life—something which may fairly be called the *Zeitgeist* of our time. This spirit is chiefly a sense of unlimited possibilities, a sense that the radically new and unprecedented may be upon us; with this feeling comes a recrudescence of the spirit of adventure; there are unknown paths leading to vague but—probably—splendid goals. In the Victorian age the main lines of everything were settled; the chief features of the universe were known. There were

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matter and energy, and there was, of course, the ether. The astronomical and geological scales were known in broad outline, and a first survey of the march from amoeba to man had been taken. The work of future ages was to fill in the details. The universe of the Victorians was a large and rather grand affair, but it was sombre. Those emotional barometers, the poets, in so far as they were aware of the scientific outlook, either "transcended" it or were crushed by it. Jules Laforgue furnishes an excellent example of the effect of the Victorian scientific outlook on an intelligent and sensitive mind. His reaction was to compose funereal dirges on the death of the earth and the extinction of mankind. The universe of the Victorians was objective, indifferent, tracing a purposeless pattern in obedience to "iron" laws. It was a universe which held no great surprises.

It is obvious that a very different spirit is abroad to-day. At the present time the general consciousness seems to hold that almost anything is possible. In part this may be accounted for, as in other ages, by credulity based on ignorance, but there is also a credulity based on knowledge, and it is this aspect of the general attitude which deserves attention. The two kinds of credulity may be observed in different believers of the same statements. Spiritualism, for instance, has its followers amongst those who are unfamiliar with investigations in the subject and amongst those whose belief has been compelled by their very knowledge of the investigations. And disbelievers form two exactly similar classes. There is also a credulity—the most common kind—based on neither ignorance nor knowledge, but on partial knowledge. Thus knowledge, but incomplete knowledge, of such phenomena as wireless telegraphy or telephony, seems to predispose many people to believe "wonders" which have no real connection with those phenomena, but which are merely as inexplicable by partial knowledge. Undoubtedly the recent developments in science are responsible for much of this kind of credulity. But the new indulgence of possibilities, as exhibited by the man of science, is dependent on quite different considerations. To the student of physics, at any rate, the work of the last two or three decades has been peculiarly disturbing. He has been called upon, not merely to revise and extend his knowledge, but to alter his assumptions. It is in this respect that the physics of our own day chiefly differs from Victorian physics.

The distinctively modern epoch began with the promulgation of the Electron Theory. That "matter" could be "electrified" was easily granted. The fact that the famous question, What is electricity? could not be answered was no difficulty in admitting the fact that, as a result of certain processes, matter could be made to exhibit certain phenomena which could conveniently be referred to the fact that it possessed an "electric charge." And the discovery of particles very much smaller than a hydrogen atom presented no conceptual difficulties. The fact that the ultimate particles of matter were smaller than had been supposed could easily be granted; the new assumption was of the same kind as the old one. And, further, to admit that each of these particles possessed an electric charge made no unfamiliar demands on the imagination. But the next step, that these particles consisted of nothing but an electric charge—that was a very different thing. The early popularizations of the idea show something of the mental confusion it caused. "Disembodied charges of electricity" was a favorite descriptive phrase; many physicists fought hard to retain even a nucleus of "ordinary matter" on which this charge could be supposed to be lodged. That an electric charge could exist apart from matter seemed to many people as difficult to conceive as motion without anything which moved. But the conception speedily became familiar; that useful entity, the ether, soon made things easier. For the disembodied charge, the electron, could be conceived as a local distortion of some kind in the ether, and, by endowing the ether with some sort of substantiality, the hypothesis that matter was in some way built up out of this primitive substance could be tolerated. But the general effect of the theory was to give a more philo-

sophical tinge to science. The gross, easy assumptions of everyday thinking about "matter" had to be revised; articles were written showing that matter was really immaterial, and materialism was conjectured to have received a severe set-back.

The mind had barely become accustomed to the new assumptions before it was again profoundly disturbed by the publication of Planck's Quantum Theory. The theory, which was invented to explain certain radiation phenomena, asserted, briefly, that energy was atomic. One's most intimate assumptions were disturbed. Men of science are not usually accustomed to philosophic exercises, and the idea that energy, which they regarded as necessarily continuous, had an atomic structure seemed at first almost meaningless. If we consider, for instance, the energy possessed by a moving body, it seems natural to suppose that this energy can be increased or diminished in a continuous manner; the idea that its energy can only increase or decrease by finite jumps was a very strange idea, and led again to a scrutiny of assumptions which had appeared fundamental in science. Here, again, objections to the new theory were sometimes the outcome purely of mental inertia, of an inability to examine and discard a way of thinking which seemed almost a necessary consequence of the structure of the mind. The last great *bouleversement* of one's fundamental assumptions has been, of course, Einstein's generalized theory of relativity. Here we are asked to revise our most deep-rooted assumptions—so deep-rooted that we are, for the most part, unconscious of them—our assumptions regarding space and time.

It is this thorough overhauling of primary assumptions which distinguishes the modern progress in physics from all the progress of the Victorian age. Physics has not merely been extended, it has become a radically new thing, and there are very good reasons for supposing that it is going to change still more. A certain sense of unknown possibilities is therefore natural, even if it be the product merely of bewilderment. The total effect of the new ideas is to make the universe of physics less objective; to an unsuspected extent this indifferent universe, with its iron laws, is a product of our own minds. To some extent this fact was always recognized, particularly by the Continental physicists, but as a general persuasion it is comparatively recent. We cannot escape the structure of our own minds, it is true, but we do not yet know what that structure is; we do not know what barriers are breakable; we do not know what thoughts are thinkable by man. A universe in whose construction so plastic and mysterious an entity as the mind of man collaborates, may very well hold great surprises.

S.

The Week's Books.

The following books have been selected from those sent to us, as the most interesting and characteristic of the week's publications. Owing to the pressure on our space, we are at present unable to publish a complete list.

- Keynes (John Maynard). A Treatise on Probability. Macmillan, 18/- n.
 Esher (Reginald, Viscount). The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener. Murray, 10/6 n.
 Salzman (L. F.). Original Sources of English History. Cambridge, Heffer, 3/- n.
 Morillot (Prof. Paul). Le Roman Français durant l'Epoque Classique (1610-1800). Dent, 6/- n.
 Thorn-Drury (G.), ed. A Little Ark: containing Sundry Pieces of Seventeenth-Century Verse. P. J. & A. E. Dobell, 7/6 n.
 Sax (Clifford). Antique Pageantry: a Book of Verse-Plays. Hendersons, 6/- n.
 Moore (George). Fragments from "Héloïse and Abélard." Werner Laurie, 2/6 n.
 Chahār Maqāla (Four Discourses). By Nizāmī-i-'Arūdī of Samarqand. Revised Translation by Edward G. Browne (E. J. W. Gibb Memorial, Vol. XI. Part 2). Luzac & Co., 15/- n.
 James (Henry). The Bostonians. 2 vols. New. Ed. Macmillan, 7/6 n. each.
 Harper (George McLean). Wordsworth's French Daughter. Milford, 4/6 n.
 Millay (Edna St. Vincent). Second April: Poems. New York. Mitchell Kennerley, \$2.
 Catterson-Smith (R.). Drawing from Memory and Mind Picturing. Pitman, 10/6 n.
 Mackenzie (Compton). Rich Relatives. Secker, 9/-.
 The Inner and the Outer Ireland. By A. E. Fisher Unwin, 2/6 n.

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